# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1889.

## The Week.

NEXT to the burial of Mahone, the chief cause for national rejoicing over the results of the late elections is found in the defeat of Foraker in Ohio. Never before in any Northern State has the Republican party sunk so low in its standards as when it made this demagogue its leader in campaign after campaign. He was the first politician in American history to try to make an "issue" out of the fact that a lady declined to shake hands with him, and the incident furnished a good measure of the man. So far as his influence went, it was always thrown in favor of sectional strife, and it will be a great relief to the national ear to get rid of his loud and tiresome mouth.

We commend to those persons who are maintaining that there was no tariff-reform significance in these elections the careful perusal of the tariff planks of the Democratic platforms in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Iowa. It was noted at the time they were adopted in convention that they marked a new departure in tariff platform utterances. They all went straight to the point, without shuffling or evasion of any kind, and without any recognition of the Republican humbugging assertion that the high tariff benefits the laboring man by keeping his wages high. Formerly a Democratic utterance on the tariff was supposed to be unsafe unless there was added, after the demand for reform, a saving clause, to the effect that, while favoring a reduction of duties, the party was at the same time determined that "just compensation should be afforded to labor." There is nothing of this kind to be found in any of the platforms quoted, and the party for the first time took its stand squarely and fearlessly upon ex-President Cleveland's ground that a high tariff was not a benefit to the workingmen. The result vindicates the wisdom of this course. As a further indication of the entrance of the tariff-reform issue in the canvass, we cite the following despatch which Mr. Frank Rice, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, in New York, sent to the *Times* from Canandaigua on the night of election: "Abbey is elected Assemblyman. He is the largest sheep-raiser in the county, and the author of a series of articles favoring free wool." This indicates not only that Mr. Rice, who led his ticket by several thousand votes, recognizes the presence of the tariff-reform issue, but that he is in thorough sympathy with it also.

The most significant revelation made by this year's elections is that which comes from the agricultural districts. It was demonstrated in last year's elections that the laboring men in the cities and towns had been educated on the tariff and were no longer to be deluded by high-tariff fallacies. Now the evidence comes from Ohio, Iowa, and Massachusetts that the farmers are beginning to see a similar light, and no more ominous news has reached Republican ears for many a day. The election in Ohio of a candidate for Governor who voted for free wool in the last Congress, and who made large gains in all the wool-growing districts of the State; the overthrow of the Republican party in Iowa, the election there of an avowed tariff-reform candidate for Governor, and the bare escape of Senator Allison from defeat after his discreditable tergiversations on the tariff question in the Senate; and the large increase of the Democratic vote in the rural districts of Massachusetts with a pronounced tariff-reformer as the Democratic candidate for Governor, are all signs not to be misunderstood. Whatever else they mean, they indicate unmistakably that the expenses of another national high-tariff campaign would be vastly greater than those of the last one were.

The St. Louis *Republic* gives a timely admonition to the Democratic party not to drop a good issue, in which they have made a notable gain and substantial progress, in order to take up one of doubtful present advantage; in other words, not to drop the tariff in order to take up free coinage of silver, as Mr. Bland and Senator Reagan advise. The warning comes very opportunely, since a free-coinage convention has been called to meet at St. Louis on the 26th of the present month. Up to this time there has been no great stir indicating public desire to take part in the Convention, although arrangements have been made with the railroads for reduced rates of fare. The indications are that the Convention will fall pretty flat. It certainly will if the Democrats in the West heed the advice of the *Republic*, than which nothing can be more prudent. The Democratic party now has an issue on which it is united, and is certainly gaining ground both East and West. To take up free coinage of silver would certainly divide the party and scatter its energies. Whatever may be the present inclinations and preferences of a majority of the voters, no man can tell what they might be at the end of a campaign in which that should be the principal issue. The demand for free coinage cannot possibly be as strong as was the demand for "paying the bonds in greenbacks" in 1868. Yet at the end of a thorough discussion of that issue, the Greenbackers were routed horse, foot, and dragoons, although they had the countenance and to some extent the assistance of such notable Republican Senators as Morton of Indiana and Sherman of Ohio. A few years later the same faction broke out again with what was known as the "Inflation Bill," and although they appeared to be carrying all before them, they were again routed. To follow Bland and Reagan in their silver craze would be for the Democratic party the dog's dropping his meat in the stream in order to seize the reflection of it.

The Democratic victory in Iowa assures the adoption of the Australian system in that State. The Democratic Convention came out strongly in favor of the reform, and Gov.-elect Boies made the issue prominent in his campaign speeches. The Republicans began their canvass by sneering at the proposition, but they were forced to change their tone, and, although they control the Legislature by a narrow majority, they will not dare to oppose the reform. It is noticeable that in all those States in the Legislatures of which ballot-reform bills were considered last winter, but failed to pass, the newspapers are practically unanimous in saying that the Massachusetts demonstration removes all objections to the new system, and that it must be adopted everywhere at the earliest possible moment. In Maine, where an excellent bill, closely modelled upon the Massachusetts law, was defeated through the influence of the Blaine Republican machine led by "Joe" Manley in person and by the Bangor *Whig*, sentiment is now so strong in favor of the reform that it is only a question of time when the State will have a law embodying it. Unfortunately, the Legislature does not meet next winter, there being only biennial sessions. In April next the Rhode Island law, which is a close copy of the Massachusetts statute, will have its first trial. This will be the third experiment of the system in an entire State, Montana having preceded Massachusetts, and there is no doubt that it will be equally successful. It seems to be a safe prediction that within five years every State in the Union will have the system in operation, and it is not improbable that a majority will have it in time for use in the next national election. Nine States already have it in practically the Massachusetts form, and two others, Connecticut and Michigan, in a modified and inferior form.

Mr. Henry George writes at much length in the *Standard* of last week in commendation of the new Ballot Law of Massachusetts, whose workings he went to Boston to witness. He says that the new system "more than fulfilled every anticipation of its friends, and falsified every prediction of its enemies"; that, after the election was over, "Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, all alike rejoiced over an election from which the disgusting concomitants of the old system had as by magic disappeared," and that in the "worst districts of Boston, where previously the polls were surrounded by a jostling crowd of 'heelers,' 'workers,' 'ticket-peddlers' and 'floaters' waiting to see what votes might be worth, and where, a square off, the approaching voter was importuned to take this or that ticket, were as quiet as any other parts of similar streets." He calls attention to a fact which has occurred to other observers—that is, that the

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elimination of noisy, jostling crowds from the polls "does away with the current objections to the voting of women."

The full returns of the Massachusetts election show very plainly the change which is coming over the constituencies of the two parties. The plurality of the Republican candidate for Governor is only 5,984, and he owes this solely to the support of the saloons in Boston. The secret of Republican advocacy of a State police system for the city of Boston was the fact that such a system, instead of taking the administration of the Police Department out of politics, enables the dominant party to make "deals" with the saloon-keepers, and extort their support of the Republican State ticket by threats to deprive them of their licenses through the control of the Police Commission, which is appointed by the Governor. Mr. Russell, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is an excellent type of the educated, progressive, and courageous young men who are coming to the front in that party since Mr. Cleveland made the party mean something; and all through the State, outside of Boston, he gained adherents among the independent voters. The same thing held true in those parts of Boston where such voters abound, the Republican plurality in Ward 11, for exampie, being cut down from 960 to 508. On the other hand, Brackett, the Republican candidate, whose course in the Legislature had made him a favorite with the liquor interest, made heavy gains in the "slums," cutting down the Democratic plurality in one ward from 2,285 to 1,572. It appears clear that he won on the saloon issue in Boston many more than the 3,000 votes which have been ordinarily cast for the Democratic candidate, and which, if so cast this year, would have elected him. In the long run, however, such a change will be the best thing in the world for the Democrats, as the alliance of the Republicans with the saloon interest in Boston will strengthen the tendency towards Democracy of the young voters throughout the State who incline that way, but have hitherto been deterred from joining the party by its ill-repute in the metropolis of the State. Russell winning support from the colleges, but beaten, has a far better outlook than Brackett successful through his gains in the "slums."

No feature of the Virginia result is more gratifying than the evidence that the more intelligent of the negroes in the Republican party joined the same class among the whites in voting against Mahone. The remarks of the *Valley Virginian* on this point should open the eyes of Republican editors at the North. "It is the common impression," says this journal, "that the colored voters of Virginia have a ring in their noses and are led by party bosses as sheep to the slaughter. The election on Tuesday dispelled this delusion. They demonstrated that they are citizens of the State, who feel an interest in the welfare of the commonwealth, and that they have the courage to break away from party association when the commonwealth is in peril. All over the State such characters are found, and it is to their grit and moral courage that much of the credit is due for the overwhelming defeat of Mahone. They deserve the thanks of all good citizens for the part they took in effecting the result." The Staunton newspaper thinks that the fact "gives a new and impressive phase to the colored man's relation to politics," and the Democratic committees in the "black-belt" counties are reported to be preparing barbecues for the negroes who voted with them against Mahone. It will be a great service rendered by this demagogue to his State and to the whole South if his candidacy proves to have been an agency in breaking down the color-line in politics, by showing that the negroes are becoming fit to exercise the suffrage.

Only county elections were held in Kansas on Tuesday week, but the result in two cases is of interest outside the State. A movement has already been started to abolish prohibition, by the election in 1890 of a Legislature which will resubmit the constitutional amendment adopted in 1880; and in the counties of which Leavenworth and Wichita are the seats the issue was made in the county elections this year. In each case the resubmission ticket swept the county. This shows that the same spirit of opposition to prohibition which contributed to the overthrow of the Republicans in Iowa is coming to be felt in Kansas. The difficulties in the way are greater, however, because prohibition is stronger in Kansas as a State more largely composed of farming towns and with fewer cities, and because the principle is there embodied in the Constitution, and cannot be so easily dislodged as when incorporated only in a statute which can be repealed by a majority of one in the Legislature. At the same time it requires only a majority of the popular vote to change the Constitution, and the resubmissionists are confident that this can be ultimately secured.

That favorite theory of the "practical politicians," that candidates for the Presidency and the Cabinet must be selected from certain States because, by so doing, the party will be strengthened therein, has received rude shocks from the elections of this year. Gen. Harrison was chosen from Indiana, and he took one of his Cabinet officers from the same State. But in the first election held there after his inauguration—that in Indianapolis—the majority was changed from Republican to Democratic. The Secretary of the Navy was taken from New York. In the first election in that State subsequent to the Secretary's installation the Republican majority of 14,373 was changed to a Democratic one of over 20,000. The Republican majority in the Postmaster-General's State was only saved from a serious reduction by Democratic dissensions in Philadelphia, which kept more than half the Democrats there away from the polls (the Republican vote of the State fell off 193,484); but the State of the political head of that Department—the man who has dealt out more pap than any other member of the Administration—went Democratic for the first time since the war. It is plain enough that the voters of this country are not to be cajoled into changing their politics simply by tickling their local pride. The strongest candidate at the polls is the ablest one; and the way for a President, after his election, to increase his party's strength is to call in as advisers the ablest members of his party at his command, wherever he can find them, and then to live up to his own promises, and see that his advisers and assistants do not make these promises a mockery.

According to the annual report of the Treasurer of the United States, "the amount of public moneys held by depository banks ran down during the past year from $58,712,511 to $47,259,714, *the result mainly of the voluntary acts of the banks in surrendering the deposits and withdrawing their bonds.*" So it appears that although, in the estimation of Mr. James G. Blaine last year, there was "not a shadow of foundation in law" for depositing the public money in national banks, and although such deposits were a gratuity to the banks, and although, according to the same authority, the money had been deposited with favorite banks, and particularly Eastern banks, to the prejudice of the West, yet after the Harrison Administration has been in office eight months the money is all there, just as Secretary Fairchild left it, except about $9,000,000 which these favored banks have voluntarily surrendered because it was not profitable for them to keep it. When the Plumed Knight made this brilliant dash at Secretary Fairchild, he said that he was not speaking at random, but that he knew what he was talking about—a much needed admonition after his discourse in New York about the comparative deposits in savings banks in Massachusetts and Great Britain. When Mr. Blaine takes his seat as President of the Pan-American Congress, let us hope that he may confine himself mainly to the evils of standing armies and the benefits of arbitration, for there is no knowing what confusion he might produce among the foreign delegates if he should wander into the field of commercial law and statistics.

In a work of rare merit entitled 'Recent Economic Changes,' just published by the Appletons, Mr. David A. Wells has presented some facts regarding the capabilities and resources of Great Britain and the United States respectively in the production of iron and steel, to which we invite serious attention. The point of the argument is, that, if the duty on pig-iron were wholly and at once repealed, Great Britain could not supply to this country any considerable amount without at once raising the price to our level, and this is proved conclusively. But it happens by an amazing coincidence that before Mr. Wells's chapter, written some months ago, was actually published, the increased demand for British iron for exportation to other countries than the United States has carried the price up to a point where American iron can be and now is shipped at a profit to Liverpool. This remarkable verification of a prediction of what would happen if *we* should become purchasers, to a considerable amount, of British iron, adds new interest to Mr. Wells's treatment of the subject.

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The Fair Committee on Friday formally abandoned their attack on the Central Park; after fighting for it by all the means at their command for a period of nearly two months, in the teeth of steadily increasing public hostility, and agreed to provide themselves with a site outside its limits. They have covered their retreat by the announcement that they are able to give up the Park because they have at last been able to secure the grounds of the Bloomingdale Asylum on reasonable terms. The announcement was fortified by a characteristic confession from Mr. Flower, on behalf of the Committee on Sites, which we should have expected to elicit an indignant protest from any gentlemen who serve with him on that Committee, and indeed a request from them that, for the credit of the Fair and of the city, he should get out of their company. What he unblushingly avowed was, that the attempt to get the Park was a mere pretence, intended to act as a bugbear on the property-holders outside the Park so as to make them surrender their lots on low terms. In other words, he declared, not only without shame but apparently with a touch of pride, that the first step taken by our great commercial city to prepare for a memorial fête in honor of the discovery of America was a mock auctioneer's trick for knocking down the cost of the site. We believe, however, that the reason Mr. Flower gave for playing the part of a "Peter Funk" was untrue. We have excellent authority for saying that the governors of the Bloomingdale Asylum had not been approached by the Fair Committee on the subject of surrendering their grounds until within the last week; so that it seems probable that when Mr. Flower said he had been playing the mock auctioneer, and never meant to take the Park, he was making use of a mock auctioneer's most valuable privilege; that he really meant to take the Park all along if he could get it; and that he fell back on the Asylum grounds as a last resort. The Committee will now have an opportunity of finding out whether they can get the necessary money for a site outside, to which nobody has any objection if the property-owners have none; but every honorable man in the community must blush or groan, as his manner may be, over the fact that we are to face the civilized world on such an occasion through representatives of the Flower type.

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The *Home Market Bulletin* of Boston is as silly as a moth about the candle in the matter of that Home Market Club quotation from the London *Times*—"The only time an Irishman is of any service to England is when he emigrates to the United States and joins the Democratic party and votes for free trade." When we ran this to earth in the campaign of 1888, we were referred to Congressman Butterworth, who, in answer to our inquiries, said he had used it in a speech in Congress, in which he gave it as something he had read "some years ago" in the London *Times*, but he could not give the date. A correspondent of ours in Cleveland, O., has since found it in the New York *Tribune* of July 5, 1852, quoted from the Albany *Evening Journal*, and attributed to the London *Times*, showing that it was started at a very early period. Now here comes the *Home Market Bulletin* and says Col. Dudley, who was Consul in Liverpool under Lincoln—that is, from 1861 to 1864—heard it then from a certain Mr. William Evans, M.P., at a dinner at the Reform Club. But the *Bulletin* will now see that if Evans, M.P., ever said this, he must have stolen it either from the New York *Tribune* or Albany *Evening Journal*, and the *Bulletin* must remember that when it was circulating it in 1888, it had not heard of Evans, M.P., or any other authority for it. We now caution the *Bulletin* again against taking up this lie and expounding or ornamenting it without consulting the New York *Tribune* of July 5, 1852.

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That elaborate legal device, intended to suppress competition in the sugar trade, called the Sugar Refiners' Company, or Sugar Trust, received a telling blow on Thursday from the General Term of the Supreme Court affirming the decision of Judge Barrett, which dissolved one of the amalgamated corporations for violation of charter. We presume that greater pains were never taken in the preparation of legal instruments than were in the case of the Sugar Trust to make the consolidation iron-clad and bomb-proof in contemplation of law. We have held from the beginning that, however carefully the lawyers might have done their work, the holders of Trust certificates could have no standing in the courts to enforce the rights appertaining to shareholders of incorporated companies, and hence that they were putting their money into a blind pool. Judge Daniels's decision amply confirms this conclusion, and it goes much further. It takes from the Trust the element of continuity, or right of succession, and leaves it swinging in the air without rest or support of any kind. Nobody except the "head centre" can know from day to day where he stands. Nobody can get any information as a matter of right. The payment of dividends cannot be enforced even after they have been declared, because the certificates are not legal evidence of anything.

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Of course an appeal will be taken, but in the meantime the position of certificate-holders other than the managers of the Trust is most unsatisfactory. They have no legal status. They must depend upon the honesty of the officers altogether. There is no reason to doubt their integrity or their responsibility, but it has been shown within a few days that the officers of the Cotton-Oil Trust, men of as fair name and of as good purposes as any in the street, lost more than half-a-million dollars speculating with the money of the Trust, in attempts to "sustain the market," and that they were able to make good out of their own pockets only one-half of the deficit. This should be a warning to the public to let what are called "industrial stocks" alone. The captains of this sort of industry may be all right now, but the chevaliers will get possession in due time. There is nothing that will answer in the place of publicity and legal remedies to protect investors in the long run.

The Court of Appeals has recently decided a case of which the circumstances are unprecedented in our jurisprudence. About the year 1880 one Francis Palmer, a farmer somewhat advanced in years, made a will by which he gave his estate, subject to certain charges, to his grandson, Elmer Palmer. This Elmer was a boy of about fourteen years of age, who seems to have been a favorite with his grandfather, living with him and being aware of the provisions of his will. Unfortunately for several of the parties interested, the elder Palmer incontinently proceeded, being a widower, to involve himself anew in the toils of matrimony, and, as might have been expected, began to talk of making another will. His affectionate grandson, who had by this time reached the age of sixteen years, was naturally distressed at this untoward change in his prospects, and effectively prevented all further vacillation by administering to his grandfather a dose of poison. A considerate jury found that this act was murder only in the second degree, and the ingenious Elmer was committed to the Elmira Reformatory, and in due time proceeded to claim his grandfather's estate under his will—somewhat after the manner of the parricide who besought the court for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan. The lower courts, being unable to find any authority for altering the will of the testator, felt compelled to grant this request. The majority of the Court of Appeals, however, were unable in this instance to extinguish the man in the lawyer, and held, in an opinion by Judge Earl which is a very pretty specimen of judge-made law, that it would not do to allow legatees to expedite the course of nature in this shocking fashion. They went further and declared that the same principles should govern inheritance.

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It is true that cases of this kind are provided for in the civil law, but, as shown by Judge Gray in his dissenting opinion, this rather makes against the conclusion of the court; for the Roman law punishes such crimes by forfeiting the inheritance to the State, which shows that the testamentary disposition, or the law of inheritance, is permitted to operate, and that then the law steps in and deprives the legatee or heir of his property. This is not the law as settled by the Court of Appeals. They hold that the principle that no one shall be permitted to take advantage of his own wrong is sufficient to exclude those who murder testators or ancestors from claiming under their wills or as their heirs. They are not able to cite any case in support of this opinion except one from the United States Supreme Court, which certainly goes far to support their position. In that case a person procured insurance upon the life of another, and then murdered him. The Court held that to allow a recovery on the policy would be like allowing a man to get the insurance upon a building that he had set on fire. But in the latter case the terms of the policy preclude recovery, and the Supreme Court must sustain its position upon the maxims of equity alone.

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## PATRONAGE AND THE ELECTIONS.

THERE appears to be no question in any quarter that Tuesday week was a very bad day for the Republican party as well as for the Administration. Both were defeated in New York, Virginia, Ohio, and Iowa, and came very near being defeated in Massachusetts. What was the cause of this catastrophe? The President says, we observe, and his private secretary, Mr. Elijah Halford, confirms him, that it was all due to "local causes," working in an "off year." But as we, and we believe the public generally, understand the matter, the redistribution of offices in which the President and his Cabinet have been busily engaged during the past eight months, was intended to operate as a general preventive of disaster of this nature from any cause whatever. It was as a general insurance against *all* risks that Mr. Clarkson has made his 20,000 changes in the post-offices, and that the President and Mr. Windom have made all the custom-house and internal-revenue changes. When the President began to turn out the Democrats and put in "good Republicans" in their places, in Virginia to oblige Mahone, in Ohio to oblige Foraker, in New York to oblige Platt, and in Iowa to oblige Clarkson himself, he did not say, "I do this to secure the party against defeat on account of the tariff, or silver, or civil-service reform, or pensions, or other Federal questions, but I do not guarantee it against defeat from local causes in off years." He said: "I do this to produce harmony among Republicans of all shades, so that when election day comes they will act together so as to win victories at the polls; this, and not mutual edification, being the object for which parties exist. I would not undertake the immense labor of the last half-year in satisfying claims, for any object less important than this. I am making the party safe against all known risks."

What has happened must therefore spread dismay through the ranks of the faithful. They have relied on the proper distribution of the offices to put both the Mugwumps and the Democrats to shame and confusion. They have been so confident that they had hit on the right instrument for the purpose that they have thrown aside the civil-service promises of their platform with a grin over the simplicity of those who took them seriously. If they have no security against "local causes," they have no security at all, for who can tell the moment when a "local cause" may show itself? The President's plan is, in fact, like insuring a ship against loss from all causes except fire or collision. It is but just to President Harrison, however, to say that while he was still Senator, he recognized the fact that there was no safety for an administration in spoils. In that great speech of his, on the 26th of March, 1886, from which we have so often quoted, he said:

> "I freely say to my colleague that the Republican party would be stronger in Indiana if you put every Republican out of office; and I think the Democratic party would be weaker in precisely the same proportion that you put Democrats in."

This is exactly what has happened in Iowa. In no State has there ever been such a clearing out of post-offices as the wise and able Mr. Clarkson—an Iowa statesman and publicist—has made in Iowa. What with his precautions and the natural tendency of the Iowans to Republicanism, the Republican majority ought, on the spoils theory, to have been about 75,000. Instead of this, they have lost the State for the first time since the Republican party was founded in 1854! In Ohio, Foraker has had everything he could ask for in the shape of help from the patronage—with the result that we see. He has been sunk by collision, and now finds to his astonishment that his policy of insurance does not include this very serious and very common risk. Judge Thurman explained the whole matter when he said to a reporter that the Republican defeat was due "primarily" to the fact that "the national Administration and President Harrison have not been acceptable to the Republicans so far as the distribution of patronage is concerned, and the Ohio Republicans have not received what they consider their full share."

This, we admit, does give the President a loophole of escape from responsibility. He may very well ask how can he make the party safe in any State if he has not offices enough to go round. Give him offices enough, he may add, and he will carry any State in the country, but with the present limitations on the number of post-offices and custom-houses, how is he to keep the enemy from climbing over the breastworks?

We do not think it will be easy for Foraker or Mahone to answer these questions satisfactorily. The difficulty caused by the inadequate supply of offices has been present to the minds of Republican statesmen ever since the party was formed. They have all felt, ever since they came into possession of the Government, the force of Senator Sherman's remark the other day, that as there are usually seven candidates for every post-office, when you give it to one, you necessarily make enemies of the other six. This is true of all offices. Each satisfies one man, but exasperates and disappoints a good many. In earlier days, the spoils system was prevented from working the party ruin by the strong hold on the voters of the party ideas. Of late years the managers have relied less and less on ideas and more and more on the offices. Under President Harrison they have actually undertaken to face the country with offices alone, knowing well that their supply of these was short, but thinking that public praying and Sunday-school-teaching would carry them through. But voters must have ideas. They will not be satisfied with other men's getting post-offices. If they cannot have national ideas, they will get up local ones and vote on them without regard to national consequences. The high tariff is as great an electoral failure as the post-offices, and for precisely the same reason. It does not make profits enough to go round. The mass of the voters hear of the fine dividends of the manufacturers, but they never see the color of the money themselves. Other people's prosperity excites no man's enthusiasm. When you bring politics down to a purely cash basis, you have to make the dividends as well as the salaries reach the million, in order to produce really widespread satisfaction.

Every right-minded man must sympathize with the President and Mr. Clarkson. They have done the best they could with the means at their command. The results of eight months' patient, prayerful labor have vanished in a day. And Mr. Quay, who went down into Virginia with his "mailed hand," and Senator Hoar, who was watching through his spectacles for the "morning sun" in that quarter—what shall we say of them? May this affliction be blessed to them both! May they put their trust in better things than post-offices and custom-houses!

## THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

AN attempt to explain the double murder committed in Lexington, Ky., on Friday last, has been made in the *Evening Post* by an old resident in the State; but it does not hang together with the local view of it, which we copy from the *Kentucky Leader* of Saturday:

> "The sad affair which threw the entire city into a state of excitement Friday, is to be deplored more than pen can chronicle. The excitement lasted only for a brief period, and was succeeded by a feeling of sorrow so deep that it bordered on gloom. There seems to be no feeling of resentment in the matter towards either Col. Swope or Col. Goodloe. The general expression is one of sorrow. None has been heard to utter bitter words against either of the combatants. Anger has been overshadowed by the blacker clouds of grief, and if anybody has been disposed to take sides in the matter, they have been restrained by the awfulness of the situation. The citizens of Lexington appreciate full well the length and breadth and depth of the calamity that has fallen upon them by their home having been selected as the scene for such a terrible encounter. The families of both the principals in this, the deadliest duel ever fought within the confines of our fair city, have the unbounded sympathy of a whole community. Col. Swope had no wife or children; Col. Goodloe had. It is on them that the main burden of a weight of woe rests. They deserve the greatest sympathy, and it may be a consolation to them to know that a city and a nation share their sorrow."

The state of feeling described here is in a large degree what the state of feeling would be if Tom Platt had met Mr. Warner Miller in the Post-office, and they had brutally murdered each other. There would be "a feeling of sorrow bordering on gloom." There would be no resentment towards the two murderers, because it is hard to feel resentment towards dead men. There would be considerable disgust at having the city made the scene of such an encounter. Finally, there would be great sympathy for the unfortunate families of the deceased. But it is because such an occurrence would be received in this way that none of us thinks of it as a possibility. It is because no man among us raised by education or social position above the "toughs," gamblers, confidence men, or professional thieves and burglars, thinks for one moment of either killing or being killed as among even the remotest chances of his day, that such encounters as this never take place among us. What is puzzling and mysterious about this Kentucky horror is that the whole community, including the newspapers and the clergymen, receives the news of it just as it would be received in a

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community where decent men never carry arms, or engage in street-fights, or think for one moment of murdering or being murdered by an enemy, or of settling disputes in any way except by litigation or arbitration. The post-mortem sentiments of Kentuckians are, in fact, in astounding contradiction to their ante-mortem sentiments. The entire city of Lexington, high and low, knew well that a murderous collision between Swope and Goodloe was among the probabilities of every day that dawned. They knew well, too, that every man in the city who cared for his good standing with his neighbors was expected, if he quarrelled with anybody about anything, to be in a state of readiness for a murderous armed conflict with him in the public highway. They knew that boys in that State are brought up to consider the taking of life in petty disputes to be often necessary, and possibly praiseworthy, and to consider armed self-protection, in disregard of police and courts, and churches, and colleges, manly and admirable, and not brutal, savage, and degrading.

Why, then, this "sorrow" and "gloom" and sensation and sympathy, and so forth, when the moral sentiment of the State is expressed in action? Could there be an odder caricature of Christian casuistry than the excuse for Swope put forth by Elder Strouse in his funeral sermon, that Swope was not carrying the pistol with which he shot Goodloe, for Goodloe, but "for a less honorable opponent, who he thought might take advantage of him when he was unarmed"? Is Kentucky in a much more advanced condition socially than Ireland in the fifteenth century, when one of the Fitzgeralds defended himself in good faith, before the Council, for having burned down the Cathedral of Cashel, by alleging that he thought the Archbishop, with whom he had had a "difficulty," was inside? And how will Goodloe's boys interpret his death in the light of Kentucky social morality? Will they think of it as meaning anything but "Be ready to take offence; be ready to avenge insults and settle quarrels by knifing and shooting; be ashamed to restrain your temper, to respect the law, to respect human life, to set an example of peaceableness and forbearance and legality to the ignorant and poor, and to raise the credit of your State among the civilized communities of the world"?

Goodloe was, we are informed by those who knew him well, a man of high character and considerable cultivation and refinement, who abhorred the Kentucky standard of "honor," and would have left the State and brought up his family under better social conditions if he could have afforded it. Other men of the same kind have, we know, done what he wished to do. What really civilized man wishes to live in a community where the most trifling dispute with a neighbor over a fence, over a stray hog, over a trespassing hen, over an unpleasant remark in a speech, over a boy's quarrel on a playground, may compel him to "go armed" and bid a last farewell to his family every time he leaves his house? But the more light Goodloe had on the detestable nature of his moral surroundings, the less excuse there is for the final act of his life. Nothing makes the Kentucky situation seem so hopeless as the readiness of those who loathe it to accept and live under its requirements, and die under them if necessary. This barbarism is retarding the growth of a State which is extraordinarily blessed in "sun and soil and station." It turns away emigration, and expatriates, or weeds out by assassination, men who have either force of character or strong convictions, as the Inquisition did for so long in Spain. Such men naturally seek regions where they can speak the thing they will, and lead the secure lives of modern gentlemen, and not the terror-haunted existence of African savages or mediæval Jews.

## *THE WAGER OF BATTLE.*

For a long while Sir Jonah Barrington's recollections of the humors of Irish duelling and faction-fighting in his youth, at the close of the last century, were considered the best reading of their kind in English literature. But of late the Southerners have been far outdoing the Irish in this department of human comedy. There is a ferocity, too, in their fun which was not visible in that of the Irish, and can hardly be paralleled except in the stories of the feuds of the Scotch Highlanders before '45. In fact, there is, except Corsica, no country in the civilized world to-day which recalls so vividly as some parts of the South, do the state of society in which some of the Macgregors served up under a dish-cover, at a house where they were staying, the head of their hostess's brother, whom they had slain in a "difficulty" an hour previously.

We ask any one who thinks this an exaggerated or highly colored statement to read the account (say that which was printed in the Baltimore *Sun*) of a little encounter which occurred last Friday in a court-room at Brownsburg, Rockbridge County, West Virginia. Henry Miller was charged by Mrs. Dr. Z. J. Walker with having insulted her in the absence of her husband, Dr. Walker. On hearing of it the Doctor — presumably a man of education — determined to inflict capital punishment on him without any of the preliminaries which in other communities precede the execution of the death sentence. He accordingly started in pursuit of Miller with a shotgun, and Miller, hearing of this, and being naturally desirous of putting in a defence of some kind before his death, swore out a warrant and had the Doctor brought before a magistrate, with the view of doing what we at the North are constantly urging Southerners to do in like circumstances, namely, having his enemy bound over to keep the peace. The case was heard, and the Doctor was called on to give bail in $500 to keep the peace for twelve months. He refused, and was then gently threatened by the Justice, "an experienced official, and a man of high personal worth," with commitment to prison. Here the fun began.

The Doctor at this point asked, whether as a right or as a privilege we do not know, to be allowed first to eat his dinner and then to "slap Henry" — the prosecutor — "in the face." As Bishop Eastburn said of the demand of Dives on Lazarus for a cup of water — "to this apparently reasonable but, under the circumstances, wholly inadmissible request" — a negative answer was returned by the upright magistrate. He did not absolutely forbid the slapping anywhere, but said it could not be done "here," *i. e.*, in the court-room. Dr. Walker then rose with the air of a man who had a painful duty to perform, and drew his revolver. It was wrenched from him by a son of Miller, after which the scene in the court-room was said by the presiding justice to have become "indescribable." The parties and the audience rolled together in an undistinguishable mass, with much "shuffling of feet." Some were peacemakers, apparently, and some were fighting men, but all were firing pistols or wielding chairs or knives. Some fled from the room, but this, doubtless, only facilitated the work or play of the combatants. Dr. Walker got at Henry with a large dirk-knife, and managed to hold him firmly while he stabbed him effectively in various parts of his person, Henry being more than sixty years old and the Doctor about fifty-five. But the "Miller boys" were in the meantime operating on the Doctor's rear, with such effect that he had to let Henry alone and go and lie down on a bench. Here he was promptly attended by his wife with a bottle of smelling salts, and while engaged in this wifely office she was slain by the Miller fire, and dropped on the floor. The Doctor tumbled down beside her, and while he lay here the Miller boys finished him with repeated shots.

The best of the story has still to come. Justice Bosworth, who had previously been acting as a magistrate, now turned coroner, as, apparently, the local law allows, and held an inquest on the parties who had been pleading before him. The jury found that James Miller killed Mrs. Walker, that the Miller boys, collectively, killed Dr. Walker, and that Dr. Walker killed Henry Miller. Besides these casualties D. O. Miller is mortally wounded, T. A. Beaver has a knife wound in the neck, and John Dempsey a pistol wound in the side. What puzzles Justice Bosworth now is where all the pistols came from which were used in the fray, and he advances the theory, though with diffidence, that some were brought into the room after the fight began, that there were several varieties of them, and that one man had a "gun." No light is thrown, however, on the magistrate's own rôle during the mêlée. There must be many precedents regulating the conduct of a presiding justice when the parties to a cause or proceeding suspend their pleadings, and fall to with deadly weapons, but we are not acquainted with them. We surmise that in this case the magistrate hid under his bench until peace was restored, and then prepared to discharge his duties as coroner.

But battles in court-rooms are not, to our minds, so enjoyable as the fights in school-rooms and churches. There was a fight out-

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side a church-door in Tennessee a year or two ago, when the wife of one of the combatants was prevented by the roll of the organ from hearing the pistol-shots, and a fight of school trustees in Mississippi about the same time, which seemed to us to unite the sacred and profane, the tragic and ridiculous, more pleasingly than any other we have heard of. In Mississippi the sight of the blood and hair of the trustees on the benches and walls, when the children came to school the next day, must have been a most impressive and improving experience for the little dears.

### *MEXICAN RETALIATION.*

If it be true, as is reported, that the Government of Mexico intends to retaliate upon us, in a commercial sense, for Secretary Windom's obstruction of importations of silver-lead ore from that country, what a spectacle will greet the Pan-American Conference when it meets, a few days hence. The two countries, members of the Conference, lying nearest each other, the two having the greatest facilities for mutual trade, having lately spent millions upon millions of dollars in building railways, opening mines, and constructing smelting works for the explicit purpose of promoting such trade, are now taking steps, in the face and eyes of all the conferees, to undo the work in which they have spent so much time and money, and to bring to naught the very aims of the great international conference. Is not this a brave encouragement to the other members to try and bring about closer commercial relations when they see existing ones, that have been created by private enterprise, frustrated by the Governments of the two countries?

We hope that Mexico will retaliate to the fullest possible extent and by all the means in her power. It is of the first importance that all the interests in this country which depend in part upon Mexican trade should feel the thumb-screw that Secretary Windom has applied to the smelting industry, so that all may make common cause in removing the pressure. Señor Francisco Bulnes, who made a speech in the Mexican Congress the other day calling attention to Mr. Windom's "regulations," is an enlightened statesman and economist and an especial friend of the United States. He was never more a friend than when he denounced those regulations and advised that retaliatory steps be taken.

The regulations are as contrary to law (our law) as they are to common sense. One of them prescribes that the products of different Mexican mines shall not be mixed together before arriving at our custom-houses—as though *we* have any right to instruct foreigners what they shall or shall not do with their own property within their own territory. What we have the right to do, when a consignment of ore comes to the frontier, is to determine whether it is silver ore or lead ore in contemplation of our tariff. Mr. Windom himself has said that if it contains more silver value than lead value, it is silver ore, and hence duty free. If it has more of value in lead than in silver, it is subject to a tax of 1½ cent per pound. It is the duty of customs officers to decide which is the preponderating metal. They have means for reaching such decision and they rest under responsibilities well defined in the law. If the importers bring any ores in which the lead preponderates over the silver in value, they have the alternative to pay the duty or to take the ore back. In any case of attempted fraud the Government may confiscate the lot. All this is plain, legal, and customary, but the new device for restricting trade is extra-legal, and therefore illegal. A regulation forbidding English manufacturers to mix wool and worsted together in cloths, or brass and nickel in buttons, to be sent to this country, would be just as outré and indefensible.

The other regulation, which prescribes that the value of lead in Mexican ores shall be the value of lead in New York minus one cent per pound, has no foundation in law, but is opposed to express provisions of law, which assign to appraisers the duty of fixing the values of all imported merchandise and determining the methods of procedure in all cases of doubt, and require them, in such cases, to ascertain the value in the principal markets of the *exporting country*, not the importing country.

It is evident that Mr. Windom, being satisfied at an early stage of the game that he could not rule these ores to be lead ores, took steps to satisfy the carbonate mine-owners by indirection. But he has not satisfied them. Their newspapers in Montana are now demanding his removal from office because he did not "go the whole figure," and the Mexican press is holding language which ought to make every American blush for shame. Says the Mexican *Financier* of October 26:

> "If the Mexican delegates to the Pan-American Congress promptly withdrew, refusing to participate in a conference called under the pretence of increasing international trade, and assembling just at a time when the American Secretary of the Treasury was doing his best to restrict that trade, they would be justified by enlightened public opinion in this country."

And in another article the same paper says:

> "The Mexican delegates will, we hope, ask bluntly what the policy of President Harrison's Administration is to be regarding the importation of the characteristic staple products of this country; but, if that Administration has no satisfactory reply ready, it is difficult to see any reason why the Mexican delegates should remain to discuss the glittering generalities of international relations."

The Mexican *Financier* is perhaps not aware that the prime object of the Pan-American Conference on our part is to promote steamship subsidies rather than to promote trade. Lead ores from Mexico would not be carried by water in any case. It is of no importance to our Government whether the trade that goes by land is killed or not. Or, rather, viewing the case in the light of Secretary Windom's regulations, it *is* of importance to us that it should be obstructed in every possible way. If the Mexican delegates will "stand by" long enough to vote that the United States ought to pay some millions a year out of its abounding surplus to half-a-dozen steamship lines, they will render us the only service we expect from them. They can then return home with our blessing, and send their raw ores and coarse wools to John Bull to the end of the chapter, and we shall not mind a little retaliation, because all such things go to the further obstruction of trade.

### *SOUTH AMERICAN MAILS.*

Some surprise has been expressed that the subsidy-hunters should have been at such pains to win Mr. Wanamaker over to their schemes, and should let out the fact that they have won him by complacently addressing him as "your good self." It is because they know that a subsidy must be disguised to pass Congress, and they count upon the Postmaster-General to recommend it under the mask of payment for carrying the mails. Shipping subsidies in the United States came to an end in 1875, when Congress, by an almost unanimous vote, rescinded the contracts with the Pacific Mail Company, on the ground of fraud. What the fraud was, the *Tribune* declared when it said: "It has been abundantly proved that a million dollars, more or less, has been spent by the Pacific Mail Company to get its subsidy passed." It will be good news to the lobbyists that it is proposed to bring back those good old times. What the subsidy really was, we leave the *Tribune* of those days to say—"a wanton theft of $500,000 under the plea of sustaining American commerce." It will be sad news to the taxpayers that it is proposed to renew the same sort of thieving under the same plea. But the attempt will now have to be made indirectly; the reek of the Pacific Mail scandal still attaches too unpleasantly to a subsidy pure and simple.

The steamship-owners assert that the Government does not pay them decently for carrying the mails. To be entirely fair, we will admit that one part of their complaint appears to be well grounded—their actual pay is made considerably less than their nominal pay, through their having to meet some incidental expenses which it would seem the Government ought to provide for—expenses of cartage and delivery, for example. If their only aim were to have some such slight injustices remedied, no one could object. But when they attempt to make out a case of peculiar hardship for themselves, assert that the Government asks them to perform a great public service for a pitiful return, and even go so far as to argue a studied discrimination against them in favor of foreign steamship lines, they forfeit all claim to sympathy or respect.

There is a discrimination, but it is in their favor. Postmaster-General Vilas concisely stated the fact when he told the complaining proprietors of the American lines that their rate of pay was three times as great as that "for carriage across the Atlantic," and also "three times as great as foreigners are willing to serve it [the Government] for" on the same routes as those followed by their vessels. That is to say, Mr. Vilas took advantage of section 4009 of the Revised Statutes, which allowed him to pay both sea and inland postage to the American lines, or to make their rate of pay $1.60 per pound for letter mail and 8 cents per pound for papers

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and parcels. This, for letters, is at the rate of 320 times the freight charges of the Brazil line on coffee, and sixteen times for papers. Yet this is the rate spoken of as a "miserable pittance." To state the facts in another way: for the year ending June 30, 1887, the mails carried by American lines amounted to but one-tenth of all our foreign mails, but for performing that service they were paid one-fourth of the total outlay for carrying foreign mails. That is the sort of discrimination there is.

The real pinch comes, of course, from the fact that our South American mails are so small that even these high rates of pay for carrying them do not yield large returns. All the indignant declamation over the smallness of the sums paid for the carriage of those mails really only serves to call attention to the fact that our business relations with Spanish America are too slight to create a heavy correspondence. For example, the Brazil mail, about which such Homeric lamentations are made, was, in 1886, only one-hundredth part of the bulk of the mail to Great Britain, one-eighth of that to Austria, about the same as that to Portugal, and only about twice as great as our mail to Turkey. The mail to the Argentine Republic, in the same year, was actually less than the mail to Turkey. This famous Brazilian mail amounted, in the year named, to about 2,000 pounds of letters, less than 2,000,000 letters and postal cards, or about half as many as were mailed in the New York Post-office in six days of that same year.

But, say the subsidy-hunters, look at the enormous distances we travel. Is it right that a steamer running between Portland and Halifax should be paid as much as one plying between New York and Rio de Janeiro? That depends upon the amount of service. This is something almost impossible to get into the head of a man with subsidies before his eyes. He will not look upon the Post-office as a business department of the Government, seeking to serve the people, adjusting its pay to the service rendered, and watching the balance between outlay and income with the jealous eye of a responsible business man, but wants it to forget everything but "the flag" and "the encouragement of commerce." How would the argument from distance work when applied to our domestic postal service? Texas, with its vast area and difficult routes, had expended upon its mail service in 1888 $1,642,967, at the same time that New York, a State of far less extent and much greater ease of communication, drew from the Treasury $6,129,223. This is wholly inexplicable from the subsidy point of view, but is perfectly natural from the business point of view, since the mail receipts from Texas were but $1,010,414, while from New York they were $9,270,151.

The obvious truth that business creates mails, and not mails business, with its consequence—that the way to get large pay for carrying the mails is to get large mails to carry—is hard for the advocates of subsidies to learn, plainly as the statistics of trade and of correspondence teach it. We have before spoken of the increase of trade with South America during the past two years—a gain of 15 per cent. in our exports; in perfect keeping with this is the fact that the letter mail to Central and South America, in 1887, increased 19 per cent., and the pay for its carriage correspondingly. In that year there were 831 sailings of steamships for South America from the ports of New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco, as against 712 for the preceding year. Yet the subsidy men think that the way to get warmer weather is to carry the thermometer to the fire.

## THE PANAMA CANAL.

PANAMA, October 19, 1889.

WHEN we sighted the coast of Colombia, the air was full of rain, and a mist spread over the waters, half obscuring the line of hills close by the sea, and wholly eclipsing the higher inland ranges toward the south, which later emerged from the shifting clouds. The day was sunless, but sultry. In sheltered nooks the perspiration flowed freely; exposed to the breeze, the drops still stood out upon the forehead, and clothes clung damp and clammy to the flesh, while a chill penetrated to one's very bones. At times a fresh breeze stirred the clouds, giving glimpses of serrated mountains clothed to their summits with dark-green tropical forests. Nowhere was to be seen the suggestion of any endeavor to compel nature to subserve the needs of man—no clearing, no house, no settlement save Porto Bello, tucked away in a narrow gorge, with a schooner or two at anchor in front of it. Even Porto Bello, with its history dating back to the days of early conquest, has no sign of a garden or of a banana grove—has apparently only a few adobe houses, the ruins of an ancient fort, and what may perhaps be a wharf. Late in the day the steamer came into the Bay of Limon, or Navy Bay, with the green-painted, red-roofed houses of Aspinwall set among cocoa-palms on one side, and a long low point of land looking like a tangled maze of cloud and jungle on the other. The mists and showers are now succeeded by a drenching flood of rain, followed by the sudden fall of a tropical night.

Our first morning on the Isthmus, and it is a fair type of those which succeeded, opened with a bright, clear sun shining over the tranquil bay, and illumining the silvery mists that rose from the marshes in the distance, but in less than a quarter of an hour the sky was dark and threatening, and then the floods descended again. With equal unexpected suddenness the sun reappeared with scorching heat; again the clouds closed over it, with more pelting showers, and so continued, like the alternating swing and return of a pendulum. The air was too dense to be inhaled with comfort. There was no exhilaration in it, and the rich fragrance of tropical plants made it still more oppressive. Inland it is just the same, for the marshland continues throughout the width of the Isthmus. Whole villages are built on piles—mere slender posts driven into the reeking swamp, with board walks similarly supported leading from house to house. Some of the towns are on higher ground, but even that would be deemed uninhabitable marshland in the United States. On the hills here and there are buildings erected by the Canal Company, in which the questions of drainage and ventilation have been well considered; but even these are not far removed from the pestilential morasses below, and the earth to the very crests of the little peaks is a saturated vegetable mould, which it were all but impossible to drain and render free from decaying matter.

In such a place as this, where the utmost caution can with difficulty protect an unacclimated stranger from disease, it would require an extraordinary faculty for the organization and management of workmen to achieve results at all commensurate with the force employed. The climate exercises a most deleterious moral effect. The imagination, haunted with the fear of speedy death, leads to reckless and fatal exposure, or to a numbing of the faculties, from apprehensions of danger, which serves only the more readily to ripen disease in the system. The influence of luxury-loving officials, enjoying almost the comforts of Paris in their exotic hotels, sallying forth on horseback in order to avoid fatigue and hardship, is not such as to inspire workmen with confidence of security in their own less protected habitations, or in the exposure incident to laboring in the rain and heat and miasmatic airs of a tropical climate. The problem of controlling and caring for men on such an enterprise, under such conditions, requires something of the military genius for its solution. The luxury, and the excessive precautionary measures which have attached to the average Frenchman in every detail of his life here, diminished the courage of the workmen to an extent which has been poorly appreciated. More of that plain living which gives physical endurance to the soldier in the field, more sober prudence and less tremulous caution on the part of officials, while it would not have proved a panacea for the troubles besetting the undertaking, would certainly have resulted in a larger cube excavated to date, and would have eliminated many pages from the history of trials, delays, and disasters at Panama.

There are many "ifs" on the lips of those interested, in reviewing the unfortunate past: *if* the negroes were less shiftless, *if* they would not carouse from sunset on Saturday to sunrise on Monday, *if* the Colombian Government did not license gambling houses, and a host more of like sort; but it may be answered that a work of the magnitude and importance of a trans-isthmian canal need not be conducted in the manner of building a railway in a populous and healthy region; its international character would give warrant for the strictest discipline of employees, for protection of them against imprudence and the snares of licensed dens for drink and gambling. A rigid system, assuming responsibility over the workmen even to the details of dress and diet, would have rendered it far easier to secure a full quota while yet there were resources within reach of the Company.

The thought of reviving the Panama Canal scheme, which has so evidently entered the list of historic failures, may seem laughable in the United States. We think confidently of our Nicaragua plan, and smile at the impetuous Frenchman, whom many fancy as dreaming that he could cut his way at random across lofty mountain ranges. There seems to be a misconception in the popular mind regarding the physical characteristics of the Isthmus. It is very mildly mountainous, quite as mildly so as the region of the Orange Mountains of New Jersey. Passing from coast to coast, it appears very low indeed, and the hills seem not aligned into ranges, but scattered promiscuously about, with deep gaps between. In fact, Culebra, the highest summit, barely exceeds 500 feet, and the canal cut at this section, to bring it down to sea level, would only be 269 feet in depth. Such excavations are not un-

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paralleled. Nochistongo, in the valley of Mexico, was dug out to a depth of 700 feet some two centuries or more ago. It required thirty years to do it, to be sure, but then there were no steam drills, no dynamite, no excavators, no patent dump-cars to make it easy, in those days either. Other great cuts are on record, and a sane body of English engineers has recently threatened to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the valley of the Jordan, and thence to the Red Sea, on the line of which would be a trench 728 feet from top to bottom! Still, Culebra has been the point from which contractors have recoiled in despair. There is much in the statement of M. Charles de Lesseps that this section "is a great and difficult work." One-fourth of the entire cube of the canal is included in this section, the exact figures being, according to the Company's estimate, 95,150,000 cubic metres for the original total, and 23,000,000 cubic metres for Culebra alone.

Of the total cube it is fair to say that nearly one-third has been excavated up to the present time. But a difficulty of equal magnitude, and more perplexing than Culebra, is met in the control of the Rio Chagres. Much has been heard of the proposed Gamboa dam, which is intended to restrain and regulate the waters of this stream, but it is worth while to state once more its dimensions, which, by the plans, were to be 115 feet in height and 980 feet wide at the base, and all this to be of solid masonry. It is almost impossible to estimate the cost of such a structure on the Isthmus of Panama, but it would be enormous. Then comes the question of its ability to serve its purpose, even with a storage capacity of over 250,000,000,000 gallons, in a country having an average annual rainfall of 119 inches! The Chagres crosses the line of the canal twenty-eight times in a distance of twenty-seven and one-third miles, which has necessitated an extensive system of "derivations," or artificial channels, connecting the natural channel from point to point on each side of the canal, so that when completed there would be two rivers instead of one, with the canal between them.

On the Pacific slope the same difficulty is met, but in a less degree, in the control of the Rio Grande. Two aqueducts are contemplated in the Company's plans for conveying the waters of this stream across the canal, in addition to a system of "derivations." The total length of these "derivations" would be forty miles, only six miles less than the total length of the main canal. The cross section, however, would be so much smaller that the estimated cube would only amount to 10,000,000 cubic metres, or about one-tenth that of the canal proper, of which nearly 5,000;000 cubic metres have already been excavated.

Work, as is well known, has entirely ceased, but the canal has not been abandoned to the mercy of the elements, as is commonly believed. Large forces of workmen are constantly engaged in painting the machinery and doing what is needful for its protection. A very large portion of the plant of the canal is well housed in sheds, where it is safe enough, and roofs have been erected over excavators and other heavy machinery where it stood when work was discontinued. So far as could be seen, careful attention has been paid to the preservation of the minor parts of all machinery, and the condition of the plant seems to be exceptionally good when the nature of the climate is considered. There are scrap heaps and side-tracks on which cars and worn-out engines are to be seen rusting out, and at least one dredge is going to decay within sight of the passing tourist; and these may have been the basis for many hasty and ill-founded generalizations to the effect that canal, plant, and all were speeding towards ruin and obliteration.

A commission of engineers will visit the Isthmus during the month of November, whose first duty will be to take an inventory of the entire equipment of the Company, and then to consider once more the threadbare question as to the practicability of completing the work for any reasonable sum of money. American engineers have the answer all ready for them, but the hopeful Frenchmen, the Colombian politicians, and the practical business men on the Isthmus reply, "The talk of the Americans about the ease of building the Nicaragua Canal, and the difficulties at Panama, is all part of a big game of bluff. When they find that they can buy out the concessions and plant of the Panama Canal Company for a mere song, they will transfer all their ardor and enthusiasm to the Isthmus." This is the current feeling on all sides here, and they point out a dozen obstacles at Nicaragua which are never heard of at home. The only circumstance lending any color of reason to the argument is the fact that, although only one-third of the work has been finished, enormous difficulties have been overcome by the installation of the plant, a benefit which any purchaser would find of immense value. At the same time the almost utter impossibility of controlling the unruly Chagres, and the excess of excavation over that to be done at Nicaragua, will of themselves preclude the revival of the Panama Canal.

The French have left their impress upon the Isthmus in other works than the canal. Art and comfort follow them from France and take root wherever they plant their banner. On approaching Aspinwall, the first object which attracts the eye is a fine statue in bronze of Columbus standing at the end of a concrete pier overlooking the Bay of Limon. On this pier are also the palaces of the high officials of the canal, surrounded by a thriving grove of young cocoa palms. The city of Panama has profited even more by the spirit of convenience inherent in the recent occupants. From being a filthy, ill-kept town it has been transformed into a clean and well-paved city. The old board side-walks, which used to rot and breed disease, have been replaced by concrete, and the road to the railway station, which was formerly one long puddle of mud, is now as firm and smooth a driveway as one could wish for. The yellow adobe houses still crowd close upon the street, with artistic balconies overhanging, so that none of the old-time quaintness has been lost. The plazas, the courtyards filled with bananas and palms, the gardens, with their luxuriant foliage and gorgeous flowers, are still there, only enhanced in beauty by the aid of the Chinese, who, swarming to the Isthmus, have brought with them from Cathay the skill in landscape gardening which the Colombian has not been slow to utilize for the adornment of his home. Panama has much of beauty in it, the land is high and not difficult to drain, and there is seldom a day when a breeze sweet and cool from the Pacific fails to sweep across the town. It is difficult to see why Panama should not be a comfortable and healthy place.

## ENGLAND.—THE TORY SUCCESSION.

LONDON, October 25, 1889.

EACH of the two great historical English parties is at present in a predicament which, with some differences, presents some remarkable similarities. Each feels that it will before long have to select a new leader; each is sorely puzzled over the selection. The Liberals cannot hope to enjoy for many more years the chieftainship of Mr. Gladstone, for, great as is his physical and mental vigor, he must before long think of withdrawing to a less fatiguing life. It is generally supposed that when he retires, his place as head of the whole party will be offered to a much respected peer, Lord Spencer; but this will leave unsettled the more troublesome question of who should lead in the House of Commons. The Tories have similarly to provide not only for the contingency of Lord Salisbury's abdication—and his health is far from strong—but for the nearer difficulty of providing a successor to Mr. William H. Smith in the leadership of the House of Commons. As there is nobody among the Tories in the House of Lords sufficiently eminent or influential to become Prime Minister, the choice of a leader in the lower house will be virtually the choice of a head to the party as a whole, and a successor to Lord Salisbury in the place of First Minister of the Crown.

There are practically only two members of the present Tory Government who are "in the running," as it is expressed, for this great post—Mr. Goschen, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, the present Chief Secretary for Ireland. The other members of the Cabinet are, with two exceptions, too insignificant personally to be thought of as possible candidates. Lord George Hamilton, for instance, or Mr. Stanhope, or Mr. Chaplin has neither the debating power, nor the influence in the party at large, nor the weight of character that is needed to make a man available. Sir Michael H. Beach has a better position, and once did lead the House of Commons for two months; but his health is not strong, and he has latterly fallen into the background. Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, has plenty of talent, but has not won authority either in the House of Commons or in the country. Neither could be thought of for a moment as against the two whom I have first named. It is these two who have practically done all the debating work of the Government during the last three years, and have thereby established a strong claim to the confidence of the party. Mr. Smith, though nominally their chief, has neither the gifts nor the taste for oratorical conflicts, and has confined himself to attending to the order of business and making such almost formal motions as devolve on the leader of the House. Every one on both sides likes and respects his amiable and upright character, so that little of the fire of Opposition or Irish Nationalist invective has been directed against his head.

The choice between Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour is a difficult one, and not the less difficult because their qualifications are diverse in nature. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is much the older man, and has a range of knowledge and experience wide in proportion to his age. He is a thoroughly trained economist, specially conversant with financial questions, and well acquainted with the politics of Continental Europe. He has filled a great many different administrative posts: has been Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, President of the Local Government Board, First Lord of the Admiralty, Ambassador at Constantinople, all in the service of Liberal Governments. It is a great advantage to know something of the inner working of various departments, and to be acquainted with the character and capacity of the chiefs of the permanent civil service. His oratory, if not graceful or polished, is ready and forcible. Few speakers used to be listened to with more general and close attention; and, though both in matter and in style his

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speeches have suffered from the more declamatory tone which he has lately adopted, he is unquestionably one of the four or five best debaters in the House, and probably, taken all round, the strongest man on the Conservative side. He has almost too much of that pugnacity which is a useful quality in a Parliamentary leader, for he often insists on attacking or refuting an opponent when it would be more prudent, and conduce much more to the progress of business, to display that indifference or contempt which was one of Mr. Disraeli's most effective weapons. However, if he is rather too prone to irritate his foes, he succeeds in inspiriting his friends; he is always ready to say the strong things which the Tory party relishes, and he is never at a loss for some sort of argument which, whether sound or not when examined in cold blood, will pass muster in debate.

The chief objection to him, besides his slightly too eager or pugnacious temper, is that he was not born a Tory, but is a recent recruit to the Government, and would indeed probably still prefer to describe himself as a Liberal-Unionist. No one can blame him for joining a Tory Administration, for he had been left in the rear by the rapid march of his former party even before the great home-rule schism broke out, and it was at the express request of Lord Hartington, the chief of the Liberal-Unionist section, that he placed his great talents at the disposal of Lord Salisbury. Still, the rank and file of the Tory party do not feel the same attachment to and the same kind of trust in a former opponent as they felt towards a politician bred up in their own beliefs and imbued with their own traditions. So far as one can judge from conversation with average Conservatives, whether in or out of Parliament, Mr. Goschen has not become to them one of themselves, and they do not yet appreciate at their due value his abilities and the services which he renders to their party. They do not quarrel with his opinions; in fact, he is more of a Conservative than many among them, having no liking for the so-called "Tory-Democratic programme," in which the future strength of the Tory party is generally supposed to lie. But identity of opinion has less influence on most men than identity of sympathies and habits. The career of Mr. Disraeli shows that an English party can subordinate its sympathies to its interests when the need arises; but it took Mr. Disraeli many years to acquire his unparalleled ascendancy over those who had at first regarded him as an unscrupulous Jewish adventurer. Mr. Goschen has no such prejudices to overcome. In position and character he is everything which Mr. Disraeli was not. But it is not yet three years since he joined the Tory Government, and he has within his own party, within that very Government, what Mr. Disraeli never had to contend against—a formidable House of Commons rival, whose rising brilliance distracts the attention of the crowd.

Mr. Arthur Balfour's qualifications and claims are less easily summed up, because his record has been much shorter than Mr. Goschen's. Both his possibilities and his limitations are more largely matter of conjecture, because he is seventeen years younger, and has filled comparatively few official posts. It may indeed be said that his administrative capacity is still unproved, for it has been tested only in the government of Ireland; and party spirit rages so fiercely round everything that proceeds from the Irish Government that even a dispassionate observer, standing outside the tempest of charges and countercharges which surrounds Mr. Balfour and his Nationalist foes, finds it hard to judge acts done under circumstances which are described quite differently by friends and foes, and whose results have (in many instances) not yet appeared. Such a dispassionate observer would, however, probably say that Mr. Balfour had not yet proved himself to possess any qualities beyond those of courage and consistency. Tact—the sort of tact which avoids difficulties—he would appear to want; while as to foresight, and that kind of judgment which refuses to employ stronger means than the desired end requires, it is too soon to pronounce an opinion, because the outcome of the policy of coercion has not yet appeared.

But though this might be the view of the detached observer, it is not the view of those in whose hands Mr. Balfour's fortune lies—the rank and file of the Tory party. They are full of admiration, an unbounded and undoubting admiration, not only for his courage and consistency, but also for his penetration, his skill, his mastery of the whole position. Their common praise for him is "the greatest Minister since Pitt." This admiration is strongest among those feminine politicians who have now become a powerful and effective battalion in the Conservative host. It prevails also among the working members of local Conservative organizations, and is perhaps least strong among the calculating middle-aged Parliamentarians, who fear that the "vigor" by which Mr. Balfour fascinates the vehement men of the party, may provoke a reaction among that large class which is waiting to judge his Irish policy by its results a year or two hence. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour deserves less hesitating praise. He is not a great speaker, and gives little promise, so far, of becoming one. But he is rapidly becoming an excellent debater. He is quick, keen, ingenious, full of courage, willing to encounter Mr. Gladstone at the shortest notice, and even when he feels his position to be a weak one, he seldom betrays it by his manner. It used to be said of him that his mind was too scholastic, too purely dialectical—that he argued, so to speak, *in vacuo*, like one supporting an academical thesis rather than endeavoring to persuade ordinary men, many of them slow or obtuse. But his immersion in affairs, and the need thrown on him of dealing in every speech with facts, have gone far to cure this fault.

His weak points would seem rather to be an extreme scepticism, or rather "negativism," of mind, which makes him far more effective in demolishing an antagonist's case than in supporting his own, and an unnecessary bitterness of tone and scornful attitude towards his opponents, which tend to make the debates he joins in more fierce and more protracted than they might otherwise be. Like his uncle, Lord Salisbury, whom, consciously a little and unconsciously much more, he imitates, he has not only a great power of sarcasm, but a great pleasure in indulging it, and often aggravates the difficulties of his position by a sneer or a scoff which prudence would have suppressed. He is by no means malignant, and is much more socially popular in the world of London than Lord Salisbury has ever been; but his supercilious manner has roused against him an antagonism which is to some extent personal as well as political, and is to be regretted in the public interest as well as in his own. The ferocity of partisanship at this moment, particularly in the press, but largely also in the speeches of the more active politicians, exceeds anything England has known since the fall of Peel more than forty years ago, nor needs the addition of an element of personal rancor to a contest of principles and projects. The attacks of which he is the object have, however, done much to endear Mr. Balfour still further to his party. He is beyond doubt the most popular figure it contains, the person whose elevation to the leadership would excite most enthusiasm. He also seems marked out for it by a sort of hereditary right as the nephew of the present Prime Minister. Yet it would be difficult to put him over the head of Mr. Goschen, a far older as well as far more experienced man, whose fighting powers, though different, are certainly not inferior.

The usual British device in these cases is to remove the elder politician to the House of Lords. But the Tory party could not spare Mr. Goschen from the House of Commons. A calm-judging Tory, free from personal prepossession, and looking solely to the interests of the party, would, I think, advise that Mr. Goschen should succeed to the post of leader in the lower house. Whether this ought to carry with it the reversion to the office of First Minister is another question, and a more doubtful one. It is comparatively easy to induce a small body like the Conservative majority in Parliament, to rally around a leader who is himself a late recruit; it would be much harder to fill the party in the country with enthusiasm for one whom they have scarcely yet learned to think of as one of themselves, and who does not appeal to any of their favorite sentiments or prejudices.

It may be asked whether the choice is so limited as has been here represented. Are there not two other persons who might be elevated to the Tory leadership, both of them conspicuous politicians, both of approved parliamentary talents? One of these two would be glad enough to accept the post. Lord Randolph Churchill seems to have bitterly regretted the precipitancy with which he threw up his place in Lord Salisbury's Government in January, 1887. He would welcome any opportunity of recovering the position in his party which he then threw away. What the distant future may have in store for so restless and indeed irrepressible a spirit, no one will venture to predict, but for the present the path of ambition is closed to him. Lord Salisbury has no wish to bring him back into a Cabinet in which he was not a tranquillizing element. Mr. Balfour has got distinctly in front of him, and could not be expected to surrender an advantage gained by three sessions of severe and brilliant combats. Between Mr. Goschen and Lord R. Churchill, who claims to embody the programme of Tory democracy, there is so strong a reciprocal repulsion that it is hard to imagine them working harmoniously together. The only prospect at present open to the latter of retrieving his fortunes is that which would be offered by the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. Were the Tories again in opposition, Lord R. Churchill's talent for criticism and invective would find full employment, and his claim to share in the spoils when the Tory party was next victorious would be irresistible.

The other possible leader is of a different and far higher stamp. Lord Hartington would, but for the home-rule schism, be now the acknowledged second in command of the Liberal party, certain of the succession to Mr. Gladstone in its leadership and of the post of Prime Minister in any Liberal Government. To secure his services would be the best thing the Tory party could now aim at. Both Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour would willingly accept his leadership, while his social position and the influence of his character would make the Conservatives throughout the country glad to have him not only as a House of Commons

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chief, but ultimately even as Prime Minister. He is, however, a Cavendish, the head of one of the oldest and greatest of the great Whig houses, and he shrinks from entering the ranks of his hereditary enemies, even though the differences of opinion which separate him from them have become comparatively slender. If circumstances compel a fusion between his forces and those of Lord Salisbury, he will endeavor to give the united party some new name rather than call himself a Tory. In the meantime he desires to maintain the position as an ally standing outside. He is quite right to do so as long as he can, but it may be doubted whether the approach of a general election will not force him, for the sake of his followers, to accept that closer union which he has hitherto resisted.

## ÉMILE AUGIER.

PARIS, October 31, 1889.

THE death of Émile Augier has thrown a gloom over our literary world. He was liked as a man as much as he was admired as a dramatic writer. He was not often seen in society, and lived chiefly in his country house near Bougival; but he went from time to time to the Academy, to the French Theatre, which was, so to speak, his own house. One who has ever seen him there will not forget his tall stature, his frank look, his head which resembled the pictures of Francis I. Those who had the good fortune to speak to him will no more forget the original and clever turn of his mind, the good sense of his remarks—a good sense which never took a commonplace and trivial form, but which found amusing and witty expression.

Augier was essentially a Parisian, though he was born at Valence; he was sometimes called a *Gaulois*. He was the grandson of Pigault-Lebrun; his father was a bourgeois of Paris; all his family ties were in Paris. He was brought up in a Parisian college, and his father wished him to become a notary like himself. But young Augier preferred the muses to the law, and at the age of twenty-four he gave to the French Theatre a little piece in verse, called the "Ciguë," which immediately established his reputation. The "Ciguë" was a reaction against the Romantic movement. Romanticism had nearly gone out towards the latter part of the reign of Louis Philippe—a reign which has sometimes been called the reign of the bourgeoisie. The author of "Hernani," of "Ruy Blas," of the "Roi s'amuse" seemed asleep in his chair in the House of Peers. Romanticism in 1844 seemed a little out of fashion: the day of the unfortunate young Werther, of Chateaubriand's "René," of Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton," of Alexandre Dumas's "Antony" ("Elle me résistait, je l'ai assassinée"), was past. "Antony" seemed almost comical. The heroes of the Romantic school were too diabolical; they constantly threatened society, they defied the law under a quiet, well-constituted government, which seemed in 1844 to be perfectly safe, at a moment when nobody could prophesy the Revolution of 1848 and all that followed it.

A new literary school was timidly founded by Ponsard, the author of "Lucrèce," and Augier became the first lieutenant of Ponsard. "Lucrèce" was the type of the new classic tragedy; the "Ciguë" was the type of the neo-Greek comedy. I confess to having but a moderate admiration for the now forgotten "Lucrèce." The versification of the "Ciguë" is pure and at times charming, but the play has no solidity. Young *Clinias*, the melancholic Athenian who is on the point of committing suicide, but who condescends to live for the young slave *Hippolyte*, finding a new reason for living in her beauty, is as false, in one sense, as the Greeks painted by Ingres in his "Stratonice." The "Ciguë" is a very clever imitation, but it is an imitation; it was written by Augier when he was still full of his college lessons. This return to antiquity was a protest against Romanticism. There was, fortunately, another way of protesting against it, a way better suited to the robust mind of Augier: the Romantics were always, so to speak, out of nature; the return to nature was the true method, which Augier finally adopted. He became an unconscious founder of the modern realistic school, which studies the true man and the true woman, which takes its dramas and its comedies from life itself.

I see the first symptoms of this change in the "Aventurière." Though this drama develops itself in a somewhat fantastic region and the costumes are antiquated, it is inspired by direct analysis; and, if you change the costumes and the names, the "Aventurière" might almost be called the "Demi-monde." It is a prophetic piece, realistic under a Romantic garb; and beneath the versification, which at times is splendid and almost Cornelian, you feel the movement of passion as rapid as if the play were entirely written in prose. I have, I admit, a great affection for the "Aventurière," perhaps because I have seen it so admirably played at the French Theatre by various actors and actresses.

Augier always liked to write in verse, though he adopted prose more and more frequently as he became more and more realistic. He had, however, not much of the poet in him; he was not lyrical. Let us compare, for instance, two passages from Augier and from Musset on the same subject, the development of feminine modesty—the transition, if you like, from the girl to the woman. In "Philberte" *Julie* says to her sister:

"Tu n'étais qu'un enfant, ma sœur, jusqu'à ce jour;
Tu viens, en un instant, de faire un pas immense,
Car c'est à la pudeur que la femme commence,
Et la pudeur, au fond, n'est que le sentiment
Qu'un homme peut nous voir avec des yeux d'amant."

This is Augier; now, here is Musset:

"NINON.

"L'eau, la terre et les vents, tout s'emplit d'harmonies.
Un jeune rossignol chante au fond de mon cœur.
J'entends sous les roseaux murmures des génies.
Ai-je de nouveaux sens inconnus à ma sœur?

"NINETTE.

"Pourquoi ne puis-je voir sans plaisir et sans peine
Les baisers du zéphyr trembler sur la fontaine,
Et l'ombre des tilleuls passer sur mes bras nus?
Ma sœur est un enfant—et je ne le suis plus."

The moralist in Augier comes before the poet. He soon gave himself entirely to the study of modern society, "a society," he said in his reception speech at the French Academy, "quite new, without a past, without traditions, without a belief, and even without prejudices; a land of equality in which wealth has become the object of every ambition, since it is the only possible inequality." Augier struck a very happy vein when he dramatized the contrast between this new society and what remains of the old, in the "Gendre de M. Poirier." I think that the "Gendre de M. Poirier" and the "Demi-monde" of Alexandre Dumas, the son, are the most typical plays of our modern theatre. They will probably outlast any other in what the French Theatre calls the *répertoire*, that is to say, the collection of plays which can be played at all times, the substratum formed by Molière, Racine, Corneille, Marivaux, Beaumarchais, etc. It is no small glory to have added something to this *répertoire*.

If we had to write the history of what may be called the realistic theatre of our time, we should have to pay much attention to dates, and the dates would show that Émile Augier preceded Alexandre Dumas, the son. "Gabrielle" appeared in 1849, and the "Dame aux Camélias" in 1851, three years afterwards. And here it may be said that the "Dame aux Camélias" hardly belongs to realistic art: it is half romantic; it introduces on the stage the fallen woman, the venal woman, whom our ancestors always kept in the background, but she is poetized and surrounded by a halo—"Et l'amour m'a refait une virginité." She is even more poetical than the *Marion Delorme* of Hugo. The realistic work of Dumas only really begins in the "Demi-monde" in 1855. Here we see the guilty woman in her true aspect, and before the "Demi-monde" Augier had already written "Gabrielle," the "Gendre de M. Poirier," and "Ceinture dorée." But why should we make odious comparisons? Let us simply enjoy the happy rivalry which gave us at the same time, in the same years, the "Mariage d'Olympe" and the "Question d'argent," the "Lionnes pauvres," and the "Fils naturel," "Maître Guérin," and the "Ami des femmes." Augier and Dumas have both tried to bring moral lessons on the stage. Those of Dumas are perhaps the more original, those of Augier are on the whole sounder and better. Augier is less paradoxical, less sophistical; his morality, if the expression be allowable, is more moral.

The revolution which they wrought in the French stage was of some importance, as, ever since 1850, social questions have all been discussed under a dramatic form. The divorce law which was passed a few years ago, would perhaps never have been voted if the divorce question had not been many times treated by the modern dramatists. The social position of the natural son has been a favorite subject for Alexandre Dumas, and it is not impossible that the French legislation may some day be reformed on this very important question. I will return a moment to the "Gendre de M. Poirier," Augier's masterpiece. Nowhere has he shown more forcibly the contrast between the French bourgeois who has built up a great fortune by his work—full of ambition, also of envy—and the French nobleman, who does no work, and who thinks he is paying a great honor to the daughter of the bourgeois in marrying her: she brings him a fortune, he brings her a title. Got, who played so long the part of *M. Poirier*, resembled much, in that part, M. Dufaure, the great lawyer. He was truly inimitable. Every one in Paris knew whom M. Augier had in his eye when he painted the son-in-law of M. Poirier, so impudent to his father-in-law, so unjust and cruel to his wife. The drama which is represented in the "Gendre de M. Poirier" is seen constantly in our society. Though the French nobility lost its privileges a hundred years ago, there is still in its old names a prestige, a force of imagination, which has preserved all its power; the daughters of our rich, jealous, and proud middle class are often too ready to feel its influence. Augier was essentially a representative of the French bourgeoisie; he knew its virtues, he knew also its defects. He tried, in all his plays, to correct those defects and encourage those virtues. He was severe on the scandals of ill-acquired wealth, its vanities and follies.

During the Second Empire, at the time when the Italian war had endangered the temporal power of the Papacy, and when the struggle between clericalism and anti-clericalism was fierce in the press and in the Chambers, Augier took sides with the Liberals. He believed in the mysterious power of the Jesuits, and the true title of his piece "Le Fils de Giboyer"

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might be "The Clericals." Augier never was a political partisan. He was, under the Empire, a friend of Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, and would have been made a Senator if the Revolution of 1870 had not taken place. He was a Conservative, but his conservatism had not taken the form of any particular creed. He lived chiefly, one may say wholly, for his literary work.

# Correspondence.

## THE OHIO ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your readers in other States may not be aware of the full significance of the recent election in this State for the cause of tariff reform. For the first time in some years, the Democratic platform was squarely and unmistakably a tariff-reform document. Mr. Campbell, although he had been regarded heretofore as an adherent of Randall and his school, was wise enough to catch the trend of popular sentiment, and came out earnestly for the reform, expressly endorsing Cleveland's position again and again from the beginning to the end of the campaign. His election makes it safe to predict that the mythical high-tariff Democrat will never again serve as a bugbear to prevent an honest declaration of principles.

To any well-informed Ohio Democrat it is hard to conceive how the friends of Governor Hill can keep up the farce of treating him as a candidate for the Presidency. Whatever he might be able to do in New York, the Democracy of the West and South have no use for him. The general belief that his treachery defeated Cleveland, and the general lack of power to see anything worthy of respect in either his character or his ability, are certainly enough to convince any thinking person that his nomination would make defeat inevitable and overwhelming. The effort of the New York *Sun* to couple the interests of Hill and Campbell together, so far as it has any effect at all, will only result in injuring Campbell among the Democrats of his own State.

It may be safely asserted that Foraker's prestige as a leader is for ever gone; but there are rumors afloat which, if true, indicate that he will seek revenge upon certain prominent men of his party who are supposed to have been lukewarm in their support of him. As leader of a band of political "regulators," he would certainly make it interesting for his derelict party associates and profitable for the Democrats as well. The country is to be congratulated that his candidacy for the office of President is no longer a possibility.

The effect of our election on State affairs will not be so great as might be supposed. No doubt a hope that the Democrats would repeal the law against Sunday liquor-selling cost the Republicans a great many votes in Cincinnati, but the hope will hardly be realized. There are very few legislative constituencies outside of Cincinnati with which a vote for repeal would not injure a man's prospect for re-election. The registration law will probably remain about as it is, and a well-directed movement might result in the adoption of the Australian ballot system. W.

Ohio, November 8, 1889.

## THE SUICIDE OF NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The decline of prosperity in Vermont and New Hampshire is one of the most important and instructive financial phenomena of the time, and I refer to it because I believe there is a much more perfect explanation than that given by "G. W. A.," and one more consistent with remedy.

Ten years ago, more or less, Vermont passed a law requiring every inhabitant to make a sworn return of his personal property for taxation. In discussions of the subject I argued repeatedly and publicly that if they would enforce that law for twenty-five years, it would reduce Vermont to a desert—a prediction which there is certainly now no reason to withdraw. The reasoning is the simplest possible. All that gives land any value is the quick capital employed upon it. If land in Wall Street is worth $100 per square foot, and land within twenty miles of it is not worth one-tenth as many cents, it is simply because the former is the home of millions of quick capital, while the latter does not enjoy even the value of a man's labor. It follows that any process which brings quick capital to land adds to its value, while that which drives away quick capital decreases the value of land.

Now, land and buildings cannot be moved, but quick capital can be changed from one place to another with comparative ease. Great care must be taken, therefore, in the interest of the land, how quick capital is treated. Suppose, of two States or cities, one says: "Bring your quick capital here. We will never ask what you do with it, will never tax it, and never disturb you in any way." The other one says: "If you bring your capital here, you must make a sworn return of the amount every year for taxation, no matter in what form it may be invested." Is it not evident to which quick capital will go, and in which land will have the most, and most increasing, value, and be best able to pay its taxes?

All through New England the Puritan spirit of narrow but determined justice demands by law that quick capital shall pay its share of taxes, though the effect of bad law is in many parts tempered by bad administration. The climax is reached in Massachusetts, where the law itself faces both ways. It says that every person shall make a return of his personal property, or, failing to do so, shall be doomed by the assessors according to their best knowledge and belief, or, in other words, may pay just what the assessors choose to accept. As a result, there is a curious game of "puss in the corner" going on among the towns. In those where the assessors stand upon the letter of the law, quick capital winces and writhes and takes to flight as fast as it can. Where the assessors have even an instinctive idea of financial policy, quick capital nestles in comfort, and many a town gets nearly all its taxes paid by a few millionaires, whose gratitude for exemption from the inquisitorial methods of the city assessors finds further expression in gifts of town-halls, public libraries, etc.

"G. W. A." says that Vermont and New Hampshire are considering expedients for attracting population. One very simple and effective one lies ready at their hands. If they would guarantee personal property from taxation for the next twenty-five years, and raise all their revenue from land and buildings, they would find the farms taken up even more quickly than they are now abandoned, because the rush of quick capital into the State would create such a demand for farm produce at high prices.

G. B.

Boston, November 9, 1889.

## THE JAPANESE CABINET AND LEGISLATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your Boston correspondent "G. B." is very ingenious in finding facts and illustrations in support of his contention that the members of the Cabinet should have seats in Congress, but he has missed one example. In the fifty-fourth article of the Japanese Constitution proper we read: "The Ministers of State and the Delegates of the Government may, at any time, take seats and speak in either house." Again, under the part relating to the law of the houses of Parliament, this privilege is more specifically explained in a separate chapter. To set forth the matter as clearly as possible, allow me to quote from those articles, as follows:

"The Ministers of State and the Delegates of the Government shall be allowed at any time to speak. But the speech of no member shall be interrupted that they may do so."

"When a bill has been referred in either house to a committee, the Ministers of State and the Delegates of the Government may attend the meetings of the committee and there express their opinions."

"A committee in meeting may, through the President, demand explanations from the Delegates of the Government."

"The Ministers of State and the Delegates of the Government, except such as are members of the House, shall have no vote in the House."

The two remaining articles of that chapter, as they have no special connection with this subject, need not be quoted. But in the next chapter we find the following articles concerning the manner of putting all questions to the Government:

"When a member in either house desires to put a question to the Government, he shall be required to obtain the support of not less than thirty members. In putting such a question, the member proposing it shall draw up a concise memorandum and present it to the President, after he shall have signed it conjointly with the supporters."

"The President shall transmit the memorandum on questions to the Government. A Minister of State shall then either immediately answer the questions or fix the date for making such answer, and when he does not do so, he shall explicitly state his reasons therefor."

The Japanese Constitution was written after a careful consideration and comparison of the Constitutions of the United States and of many of the European countries. I am, therefore, pretty certain that "G. B." will be glad to know that the Japanese statesmen agree with him on that question of public policy.

Clem.

Mito, October 5, 1889.

## JAPAN AND WORDSWORTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A contribution has come from Japan to the always live controversy, What is art? Mr. Theodore Wores, who exhibited in New York two winters ago a delightful collection of his paintings of Japan and the Japanese, has written a paper for the *Century* (September, 1889), "An American Artist in Japan," in which he lets us into the nature of Japanese art, takes us to a point where we can descry the aim of the artist and watch his methods, as has not been done by Gonse in his 'L'Art Japonais,' nor by Christopher Dresser in his book on the arts of Japan, nor the writers in Bing's periodical, *Le Japon Artistique*.

It is interesting, in reading the Japanese artists' own statement of their aim and their methods, to find that it runs side by side with the statement of his aims and methods made by that other passionate worshipper of nature and reality, but artist in another medium, Wordsworth. Mr. Wores showed to a company of Japanese artists, who were putting eager questions to him about European art and artists, some photographs of pictures which he had with him.

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"They seemed much pleased, but were astonished when I told them the amount of time which had been required in painting them. They argued that a painter should spend a great deal of time in observing nature, and, when he had thought out his picture perfectly in his mind, and was saturated with his subject, should seize his brush and dash off the picture in a few hours or minutes. It is the spirit more than the substance that the Japanese artist strives to produce. He does not attempt slavishly to reproduce the textures of the trees, rocks, and other objects in a landscape. A mere suggestion of one of nature's moods that serves to bring back to the mind the impression that it received, is, in his opinion, quite enough, even if expressed in half a dozen strokes of the brush. The graceful and lifelike action of a bird suggested in a few strokes is far more commendable in his eyes than the most clever and realistic rendering of its feathery texture. . . .

"One of these artists afterwards visited me in my studio. Although he seemed pleased with much that he saw, he expressed himself as follows: 'I hardly know what to say, this is all so strange and new to me. However, it seems to me,' he added rather reluctantly, 'that your chief aim is to produce a real effect; in fact, you strive to make your picture look so real as to deceive one into the belief that he is looking at nature. Now, do you think that this can be accomplished with paint? Do you think you can succeed well enough to warrant your making that your chief aim?' And, indeed, I found it to be a very general belief among Japanese artists that European painters strive to produce realistic effects only, and never attempt to express noble thoughts or poetic ideas in their works.

"The Japanese artist depends but little on direct sketches from nature, and his work is almost entirely the result of observation. His mind seems to retain to a wonderful degree the impressions it receives of color and form. Subordinate details, however, are not so firmly impressed on his mind as to cause him to lose sight of the general effects of line and color. It is hardly conceivable to the European artist, who is accustomed to make most careful studies from nature, that realism can be carried so far with mental studies only."

Mr. Wores met a sculptor of works which were masterly in modelling and action and daring in subject, which, in Mr. Wores's opinion, would take rank in any exhibition of European sculpture, and this artist he found, to his astonishment, "worked entirely without models, and knew nothing of anatomy beyond what his observation of living figures had taught him."

One might fancy a transmigration of the soul of Wordsworth into these Japanese artist critics. In the same language does he describe his method in his own art to his friend Aubrey de Vere (I quote from Myers's 'Life of Wordsworth').

"He [Scott] took pains, Wordsworth said; he went out with his pencil and note-book and jotted down whatever struck him most—a river rippling over the sands, a ruined tower on a rock above it, a promontory and a mountain-ash waving its red berries. He went home and wove the whole into a poetical description. But nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms. He should have left his pencil and note-book at home, fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy. Then, after several days had passed by, he should have interrogated his memory as to the scene. He would have discovered that while much of what he had admired was preserved to him, much was also most wisely obliterated; that which remained—the picture surviving in his mind—would have presented the ideal and essential truth of the scene, and done so in a large part by discarding much which, though in itself striking, was not characteristic. In every scene many of the most brilliant details are but accidental; a true eye for nature does not note them, or at least does not dwell on them."

If the Japanese artist, as Mr. Wores has expressed it, is content with "a mere suggestion of one of nature's moods," he is an impressionist. This singleness and isolation of effect converts a scene into a subject, evaporates a landscape into an impression, spiritualizes a figure into a feeling. Such Japanese treatment also lends an individuality, a specialness, a spiritual and personal charm. Such a glimpse of a picture sounds a note struck from the spirit of the artist. To return to Wordsworth. In that essay which brought down in floods the rage and scorn of the *Edinburgh Review*—the preface to the second edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads'—"the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling." This isolation of effect, by the way, shows itself in the limits and shape of the pictures of this class. A mere slice often will be taken from nature by the Japanese artist.

In Japanese paintings how delicate often is the form, and yet how distinct and arresting is the savor, the feeling, which they exhale. Again Wordsworth is their ally and spokesman: "One being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses the capability of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants."

The same fondness for a mere impression, the same singleness and isolation of effect, has made the little *uta* the favorite form of verse with the Japanese. It is a sort of madrigal, sonnet, Greek epigram. Listen to this *uta* written on the eve of a great battle by a general four hundred years ago. Most *utas* are still shorter:

"The mist of night has filled my tent, liquid is the autumn air,
Across the moon the wild geese darkly draw their flying line.
On this side the mountains of Yetchigo, on that the plains of Noto.
Now the pain I felt at absence from the one I love
Has stiller grown in the beauty of this night."

A. D. SAVAGE.

NEW YORK.

## JOHN ADAMS AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the reference to the feud between John Adams and Franklin in your review of Mr. Morse's life of the latter in your issue of October 24, the following extract from a letter in my possession may be of interest. G. H. N.

BOSTON, November 2, 1889.

QUINCY, May 5, 1817.

DEAR SIR: The volume of Dr. Franklin's Correspondence has seemed to make *me* live over again my Life at Passy. I rejoice that the Publick are to have a compleat Edition of his Works, for there is scarce a scratch of his Pen that is not worth preserving.

I am pleased to see you at length appearing on the Stage of human Affairs. . . . As I am within a year or two of the age of Dr. Franklin at his Decease, I cannot expect to see the Sequel of his Works; but if ever you visit your native Country, a visit from you will greatly oblige your old and sincere

Friend, JOHN ADAMS.

WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN, Esqr.,
London.

## QUESTIONABLE STATISTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fifth annual report of the Commission of Labor is devoted to the condition of workingwomen in large cities. Three hundred and forty-three industries and twenty-two cities were selected. The subject is of the highest importance, and some of the tables in this report are valuable, but not all. On page 325 I find a table showing the conjugal condition of the women engaged in those industries, in those cities, to be as follows: Single, 15,387; married, 745; widowed, 1,038; divorced, 43; separated, 214.

Now, can any one believe that there are no more than forty-three divorced women engaged in those industries in those cities? Charleston may have none, but I do not believe that Brooklyn, Buffalo, Indianapolis, and Richmond have no divorced women engaged in those industries. Boston has more than two, and New York more than three, to my personal knowledge, and I feel confident that the other cities mentioned have more than the number returned, viz.: Atlanta 3, Baltimore 1, Chicago 4, Cincinnati 3, Cleveland 1, Louisville 5, Newark 1, New Orleans 1, Philadelphia 4, Providence 4, St. Louis 5, St. Paul 1, San Francisco 4, Savannah 1.

These figures are so utterly at variance with common knowledge as to call for explanation. Can Commissioner Wright inform us how it happens that he has reported the number of divorced workingwomen in these cities so low as forty-three? A DOUBTER.

NEW YORK, November 4, 1889.

## A PLEA FOR OCCULTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reading your article about Mr. F. Legge's 'The Origin of Modern Occultism,' I feel compelled to protest against this offhand way of judging people whom to know one would have to study carefully in their writings. It would take me too long to try a refutation of what is stated in your paper, but I want to mention that I have had the advantage of a German college education, where our teachers of religion were exceedingly impartial and analyzed the Christian religion from the point of view of logic. I have found, when comparing the writings of certain Occultists with those of dogmatic Christians, that there is infinitely more logic in the claims of the Occultists than in those of dogmatic Christianity. If any of your readers likes to decide the question, I can only advise him to study profoundly the writings of both, and compare for himself; but people who would go to such trouble are already so far above the great mass of the people that I am afraid only a few are ready to undertake such a task. It is so much easier for the average money-maker to buy a corner lot in heaven by subsidizing some church than it would be to use his own judgment and tackle intricate questions concerning the destiny of man. W.

## MORE LIGHT ON MYCENÆ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two new items in confirmation of the barbaric character of the interments at Mycenæ discovered by Schliemann have just come to me and are worth noting in the general connection. One is the relation of excavations made in the Ukraine by Dr. G. Ossowski of Cracow, in which excavations were found a vase with ornaments closely analogous to the animal decorations on some objects found by Schliemann at Mycenæ, but also in company with others of undoubted Greek provenance, and which Dr. Ossowski assigns to the art of Panticapæum and the interval from 650 to 480 B. C., the provenance being made most probable by coins of that town. I should have hardly put the Greek pottery so early as even 480, but it is possible. The gold buttons and ornaments for the robes of the dead also strikingly resemble the similar objects in the Mycenæ tombs, and the grave was that of a Scythian lady of rank, probably of a royal family. As in the Mycenæ tomb, the work is divided into two categories, one of Greek provenance, and the other, which is very nearly identical in the two interments, of barbaric authorship,

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attributable only to the time and authors of the interment.

The other item is contained in a note which I transcribe fully, from an American dentist in Dresden:

DEAR SIR: In your interesting letter on the tomb of Pharis, published in the *Nation* of August 8, you speak of the skeleton which Schliemann supposed to be Agamemnon, as that of a woman, apparently a northern barbarian. Some years ago I saw the lower jaw of this skeleton, the only fragment of it which was at the time in the Schliemann collection in Athens, and at once declared it to be of Slavic type. As an American dentist, with a practice which has for many years extended over a great part of northern Europe, I have come to regard the race type as stamped upon the most enduring portion of the human frame, the jaws and teeth, as a record which, when we are able to read it aright, will have a considerable significance. Therefore I venture to send my recollection of the impression that lower jaw made upon my mind nine years ago. You are doubtless aware of the fact that abnormally large jaws are usually female. Believe me, etc., Yours very sincerely,

N. S. JENKINS.

Dr. Jenkins's communication loses none of its value from the mistake he is under, viz., that the jaw-bone he alludes to is that of the "Agamemnon," which skeleton is left at Mycenæ, and has never been in the Athens Museum that I know, and as I believe; for the determination of the Slavic type for either of the skeletons in the collective tomb has the same significance, as proving the barbaric origin of the race which made the interment. The proofs of this are now so many and so convergent that there can remain no doubt, in the mind of an unprejudiced archæologist, that the graves are those of invaders of the Morea in post-classic times, and of no Hellenic race.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

ROME, October 23, 1889.

## *BE DONE* AND *HAVE DONE.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A London newspaper that I have just been reading contains a letter, attributed to Mr. J. R. Lowell, in which, taking a correspondent to task for the phrase "I *would* be very much obliged for your autograph," or the like, that gentleman writes: "If you *would* be obliged, be obliged and be done with it." While, however, the desirableness of discriminating aright between *would* and *should* is not to be questioned, it is also not to be questioned that one who uses "*be* done with" for "*have done with*" still requires a lesson in idiom. "When the wine *is* done with, the dice are produced," is a perfectly correct form of speech which I find in Southey; but I apprehend that Mr. Lowell's expression, though extremely common in America, has no countenance from any English author who could be appealed to as critical.—Your obedient servant, F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, October 20, 1889.

# Notes.

THE Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston will publish, with an eye to the holidays, 'Mountaineering in Colorado: the Peaks about Estes Park,' by Frederick H. Chapin. Mr. Chapin is a capital narrator of such experiences, and an agreeable text may be expected. The numerous illustrations will be from the author's own photographs, and will be partly in heliotype (full-page), and partly "process" of a high order. The volume, to judge from its sample sheets, will be very handsome. Orders should be sent to Mr. Albert S. Parsons, 9 Park Street, Boston.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish at once 'Betty Leicester,' a story for girls, by Miss Sarah O. Jewett; 'A Summer in a Cañon,' by Mrs. Wiggin; and 'Wilbur Fisk,' by Prof. George Prentice, the second volume in the series of "American Religious Leaders."

The Paris 'Salon of 1889,' which Estes & Lauriat will put on the American market, will be supplied with critical and descriptive text by George Lafenestre, Conservator of the Louvre, translated by Henry Bacon. One hundred photogravures of the prize paintings will adorn this edition, the first specially prepared for the Anglo-American public.

Thos. Whitaker has in progress 'New Points to Old Texts,' by the Rev. J. M. Whiton.

Worthington Co. announce for immediate publication 'Henriette; or, A Corsican Mother,' by François Coppée, translated by Edward Wakefield, with photogravure illustrations.

We misread the recent announcement, by the Messrs. Putnam, of their newly projected biographical series, "Heroes of the Nation." The enterprise is, commercially, wholly American, and of this house. Mr. Evelyn Abbott of Balliol College, Oxford, will have the general editorial supervision, and publication will be simultaneous in London and New York.

Longmans, Green & Co. are about to publish an authorized Life of Cardinal Lavigerie, which will fully exhibit his plan for suppressing the slave trade. This house has just issued a new edition of the late Walter Bagehot's essay upon a universal money. Strictly speaking, it is a plan for assimilating the English and American money as a step towards the final goal. It was first published in 1869, but the situation has not materially changed since then, and, considering the enormous difficulties in the way of any change, the book may be said to be as timely at one period as at another. Like all Bagehot's writings, it is interesting and suggestive, but the argument is after all not very cogent.

Gustav Freytag will publish shortly his reminiscences of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany—'Der Kronprinz und die Deutsche Kaiser-Krone' (Leipzig: Hirzel; New York: Westermann). The demand for copies has delayed the issue of the book, as several editions were required to meet it. Freytag says in his preface: "These pages would have been printed soon after Frederick's death had not other publications, and what followed in their wake, so disgusted the author as to prevent his taking part in the disgraceful excitement over the person of the dear departed." His success might have been greater then, but his ambition never was to write for the day. He was Frederick's literary adlatus during the French war, in correspondence with him, and his intimate friend always. Freytag's sketch of the good Prince, his wife, family, and surroundings, will do much to shape the final opinion of posterity. The advance sheets of the book were submitted to Emperor William and Bismarck, and approved by them.

J. B. Lippincott Co. follow up their 'Half-Hour Readings with the best Authors' by a collection, in four volumes, of 'Half Hours with the Best Humorous Authors,' edited by Charles Morris. The fact that the earlier series included many of the best humorous productions available, and that it has been thought advisable not to reproduce them in the later one, limits the choice of the editor to a narrower range, but the material has been found abundant. Two volumes are devoted to American and two to English writers. It is a pleasure to find that the earlier humorists of our country have not been slighted, but that the selection has historical proportion. A noticeable effort has been made, too, to include eminent names—Washington, Longfellow, Everett, etc.—whose gift of humor was of the slightest; on the other hand, anonymous authors are represented by the waifs and strays of literature. The English section is somewhat too much confined to the great writers of literature, every age since Chaucer being put under contribution. In the last volume the assigned limits are exceeded, and specimens from Le Sage, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Bürger, Béranger, Cervantes, Richter, Molière, and Rutebeuf are given in translation. The entire collection is thus various in interest, and affords light and agreeable reading, of which the greater part is of good literary quality.

Mr. Eugene Field is one of the humorists of America whose "comic copy" is the flotsam and jetsam of journalism. His sole incursion into literature hitherto has been a volume of collected sketches, called 'Culture's Garland,' which was sporadically clever, but unfailingly journalistic. Now he has put his best foot foremost, both in prose and verse, and makes a great stride, as any critical reader will say who may chance to acquire one of the two hundred and fifty copies (to which the edition is limited) of 'A Little Book of Western Verse' and 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales,' beautifully printed at the University Press, and issued only to the subscribers. Of the score of "Profitable Tales," quaint, humorous, and pathetic as they are for the most part, and individual (although plainly indebted to Grimm and Hoffmann for not a little of their movement and color) we need say nothing now. But the lovers of humorous verse, which rises at times to the rare level of humorous poetry, will regret that the edition of 'A Little Book of Western Verse' is limited. That the verse is Western is obvious enough, and a doubter has only to read the irreverent paraphrases of Horace to be convinced, to say nothing of the series of ballads telling the tale of "Casey's Table d'Hôte," of "Our Lady of the Mine," and of the "Conversazzhyony," which suggests Bret Harte. The two or three ballads of books are as good as anything which has been written in this vein.

Very welcome to lovers of books whose purses are not sufficiently stocked to allow them to pay the present enormous prices for rare originals, is a beautifully executed reproduction of that truly epochal volume, 'The Shepheardes Calender,' by Edmund Spenser. This is a photographic facsimile of the original edition of 1579. The type comes out clear and bright, and all the accessories of paper, binding, etc., are of the best of the book-making art. An introduction is furnished by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D., and is principally devoted to showing that the unknown "E. K." who wrote "the Glosse" accompanying the poem, and professed to be the poet's friend, was Spenser himself. This suggestion was made by students, among whom Craik was most prominent, years ago, but was generally rejected, not without ridicule. In 1888, however, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, revived the hypothesis and supported it with strong argument. Dr. Sommer professes only to make English readers acquainted with this latest study, to the results of which he gives his own unqualified support. If the theory be accepted—and it seems to us entirely reasonable and satisfactory—the comment of "E. K." acquires greater interest and authority. The publisher of this facsimile, which is limited to 520 copies, is John C. Nimmo, London.

Mr. A. H. Bullen adds to his numerous Elizabethan publications 'Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age' (London: Nimmo),

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a companion volume to his 'Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books.' He includes within his limits the dramatists of James I. and Charles I. The collection is as full as the present taste of the public will permit of, and is in this respect better than Bell's similar work. One is struck by the peculiar common lyrical quality of the writers, who were less uneven in their song than in their dramatic genius, and by the marked difference between this quality and that of the present century. We miss Greene and Lodge from the chorus, but their lyrics are reserved for a promised collection from the Elizabethan Romances, which will round out the series. We observe one unfortunate misprint in the Bacchic song from "Antony and Cleopatra"—"fats" for "vats." The edition is limited to 520 copies.

Among books of travel for the holidays, 'A Handful of Monographs, Continental and English,' by Margaret J. Preston (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is pleasantly written, and takes the reader over familiar ground in Switzerland, Holland, and England. The literary tastes of the author give her journey somewhat the character of a pilgrimage, but the only special topic in her pages is a sympathetic account of the Paris Mission School. The chapters read like extracts from letters written for home reading, and we cannot characterize them better than by saying that they contain just such observations and familiarities as would usually be of interest to the traveller's own circle; and those of the public who join it in the reading, will find themselves quietly and agreeably entertained. A dozen or more photographic views, principally of Swiss and English scenes, interleave the pages, and the binding is bright and tasteful.

Mrs. Margaret Deland's 'Florida Days,' illustrated by Louis K. Harlow (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), is a similar volume, but the text is confined very closely to "impressions," usually of an artistic or poetical character. The light and atmosphere, the gray or golden sea, the leaning palm, the romance of the old buildings and their history, Ponce de Leon, Drake, the river with lilies and turtles—these are the scenes and persons and things sentimentally reflected in the text; and they are illustrated by a large number of sketches and views of all shapes and sizes, some of them in colors, in such a way as to make the pictorial character of the book equal to its literary pretensions. It is printed and bound "luxuriously."

The Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured have determined to supply the public with their little 'Handbook,' at the nominal price of twenty-five cents, through the American News Company. Its wide circulation is much to be desired.

The volume of the *Century Magazine* which closed last month (May-October) is knit by closest bonds to its predecessors, yet has a general diversity of contents which it is hard to particularize. The making of the three books—on Siberia and the Exile System, by George Kennan; on the Italian Old Masters, by W. J. Stillman and T. Cole; and the Life of Lincoln, by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay—goes on; and there is the usual wealth of illustrations, including among the portraits a late one of Tennyson.

"The Queen's Navy," "Ancient and Modern Artillery," "Modern Harbor Defences," "Routine of the Republic"—these titles would not suggest a magazine for children, but we take them from the new volumes (one "volume" in two parts) of *St. Nicholas*. In style, as well as in substance, they hardly differ at all from articles on similar subjects for adults, and the same may be said of "Seeing the Real Mikado," "Ten Weeks in Japan," "The White Pasha," "A Youth of Ancient Rome," etc. This fact most impresses us as we turn over these handsome pages. The demand for writing at once edifying and truly adapted to the young must, we can hardly doubt, far outstrip the supply. Mr. Harris's "Daddy Jake" is one of the features of this volume, and there is a most exemplary little story, of a two-headed turtle, which well deserved to go on record in *Nature*.

Prof. William James gives an account, in *Mind* for October, of the proceedings of the Paris Congress of Physiological Psychology. The subjects discussed were the muscular sense, heredity, hypnotism, a project for an international census of hallucinations, and the abnormal association of sensations of different kinds. A permanent committee of organization was formed, the United States being represented by Prof. James.

Prof. Max Müller, on being invited to inaugurate the lectureship on Natural Religion established by Lord Gifford at the University of Glasgow (see the *Nation*, No. 1147), had no trouble in preparing a course of twenty lectures on the "Science of Religion," nor in giving them to his publisher immediately after their delivery. Undaunted by the circumstance that it would seem impossible for even Max Müller himself not to have been convinced by his reviewers of the flimsiness of his reasoning in the 'Science of Thought,' he proceeds to attack a still more difficult subject with perfect courage. "But," says his reviewer in *Mind*, "the lectures as a whole must have been good to hear. Profusion of personal reminiscence, dear always to mixed audience, swiftest kaleidoscopic turning of subject, not less dear—nobody has the art of these like Prof. Müller."

The New York *Independent* of November 7 contains a very remarkable communication from Prof. G. F. Wright, author of 'The Ice Age in North America,' relating the pumping up from an artesian well at Nampa, Idaho, of a small china-doll-like image of a girl, made of pumice, from a depth of 300 feet. The surface soil counted for one-fifth of this, some twenty feet of lava rock followed, then 200 feet of quicksand and clay, and finally vegetable soil and sand rock, representing an old lake-bed of the Snake River. The corresponding sub-lava deposits of California consist of the gold-bearing gravel in which the disputed Calaveras skull was found; and these in Idaho are pronounced by Mr. S. F. Emmons of the United States Geological Survey to be "probably of far greater antiquity than any deposits in which human implements have hitherto been discovered." The *Independent* gives a cut of the image at scale.

We cannot commend the projectors of "*Nature:* A Weekly Journal for the Gentleman Sportsman and Naturalist," for having chosen a name identified with the foremost scientific weekly in the world. The contributing editors of the American paper are Messrs. William C. Harris, Charles Hallock, Charles Barker Bradford, and J. Charles Davis; and these names perhaps say all that is needful in regard to the character of the enterprise. The size is quarto. A feature of the first number is some disinterested "Reports" from sportsmen who don't mind telling where game is plenty and they are bagging it.

The October number of the *Harvard University Bulletin* contains very careful "Notes" on the MS. volume of Shelley's poems in the Harvard Library, by Mr. George E. Woodberry, who thinks it possible that Mrs. Shelley used this volume for her edition of the 'Posthumous Poems,' 1824, and that it tends to establish her fidelity to Shelley's text. A facsimile of "To a Sky-Lark" is appended, from page 100. These Notes make also No. 35 of the *Bibliographical Contributions* edited by Mr. Justin Winsor.

We have received the reports of Treasurer and Secretary of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women (Harvard Annex) for the tenth year. The number of students has grown in the decade from 25 to 115, the teachers from 23 to 41. Occupation in teaching may be said to be assured to graduates. The alumnæ have a fair prospect of success in endeavoring to found one or more scholarships. The increase of the endowment fund is most urgent, and the quarters of the Annex are far too contracted. English, Latin, History, Greek, German, Philosophy, French, Physics, Mathematics, and Elementary Botany have respectively attracted the greater number of students, in this order.

The American Economic Association, Baltimore, of which Prof. Richard T. Ely is Secretary, has received $500 for two prizes for the best essay on Women Wage-Earners. Any one is eligible to compete, but the American aspect of the subject should be chiefly regarded. The essay must not exceed 25,000 words, must be type-written, and be sent anonymously to the Secretary before November 1, 1890.

—Dr. Hiram Corson's 'Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare' (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.) is a collection of brief studies upon the verse and prose and their distinctive use in the plays, chronology, the authority of the First Folio, etc., together with special commentaries upon seven or eight of the plays and some notes on the text. The volume is full of interest, and is marked by its individuality; but its great merit is that it exemplifies the spirit in which Shakspere should be studied, standing squarely against the metaphysical and moralizing perversion, the superfine intellectuality, and all the misconception of dramatic art and confusion of æsthetic standards which came upon us from Germany, and have been fostered by the transcendental and latter-day critics of this country. As an 'Introduction' this little book sets the student upon right lines at once, and frees him from many errors before he has time to entertain them; and the writer speaks with such spirit and decision that he cannot be misunderstood. Outside of this, the more interesting special pleas of the writer are in behalf of *Romeo* and *Juliet* as being other than the reckless fools of passion, ruined by their own haste in love, which many commentators represent them; in favor of *Beatrice* and *Lady Macbeth* as being more womanly than they are commonly conceived; and in support of the view that *Macbeth* was not incited by the witches to his crimes, but found his own ideas reflected back in their suggestions. It is to be noted also that Dr. Corson will not hear to the theory of Goethe and others that *Hamlet* perished by the weakness of action induced by an intellectual temperament. In all these cases the argument is very forcibly made, and, except in the case of *Lady Macbeth*, carries conviction on most of the points raised. His general conclusions and principles, however, are of more value than the outcome of a special inquiry in any play. The textual notes upon the Folio readings of "Hamlet" have already been incorporated in Furness's Variorum edition. Altogether, so excellent a volume of Shakspere criticism has not been put forth by an American scholar in many a day. Teachers and students both may profit by it as a model of how to learn in this particular subject.

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—The October number of the *Law Quarterly Review* contains an article of especial American interest, "Chancery in Massachusetts," by Edwin H. Woodruff. In no other State was the opposition to the establishment of chancery so long and so stubborn as in Massachusetts. For many years the common law prevailed in unmitigated rigor throughout the commonwealth. The unfortunate suitor was sent out of court remediless, being told that equity and good conscience were on his side, but also that there was no provision of law whereby his wrongs could be redressed. Seventy-five years elapsed after the adoption of the State Constitution before chancery jurisdiction was extended to the three great causes of equitable relief, to fraud in 1855 and to accident and mistake in 1856. The evils resulting from this prolonged refusal to grant chancery jurisdiction arose continually before the common-law judges, who, while confining themselves strictly within the bounds of the powers granted to them, and turning away without relief suitors whose equitable rights were admitted, nevertheless took occasion in their opinions to protest against the prejudice of the Legislature—but for many years without avail.

—The reasons why equity was not administered by a specially constituted court in Massachusetts Mr. Woodruff finds to be three, corresponding to the three periods of Massachusetts's history as a colony, province, and State. Under the colony, none but church members in full communion were freemen. "The Government was an unlimited theocracy, where law was administered with all the sanction of ecclesiastical authority—an authority in which the conscience of equity must have been supposed to inhere." Little need was felt, therefore, to redress the wrongs wrought under a perfect theocratic law. Under the Provincial charter the Crown refused consent to the acts of the General Court (in 1692 and 1693) erecting a court of chancery, apparently on the ground that all equity jurisdiction should be established by virtue of the great seal. From that time to the adoption of the State Constitution in 1780, no further attempt was made by the Legislature of the Province to create a separate court of equity, but suitors for equitable relief turned to the Legislature itself, which supplied by its own judgments a substitute for the remedies of the forbidden court. Moreover, as the common-law courts of that period had few strict rules, and as the majority of the judges were laymen, the common law was often interpreted with considerable elasticity. As a State, Massachusetts began with no court of chancery, but with a constitutional authority in the Legislature to establish one. None, however, was immediately established. The terrors of the proposed court were the terrors of the unknown. Many evils might result from the maladministration of chancery powers, while, as Story argued, the lack of equitable relief operated to make the people of the commonwealth vigilant in avoiding mistake and fraud. But the friends of chancery became numerous and powerful. In 1846 a bill to establish a court of equity was defeated only by a theatrical trick of Mr. Crowninshield's, who exhibited to the House as a typical bill in chancery a stout volume the latter half of which was blank leaves. In 1877 complete equity jurisdiction was finally established. Such, in brief, is the history of chancery in Massachusetts, now traced for the first time by Mr. Woodruff. The article may well interest the lawyer as a contribution to American legal history, and not less the layman, on account of the light thrown on methods of thought and reform in thoughtful and reformatory Massachusetts.

—It is a perhaps curious fact that not on any pretext does man or woman born in the years 1829–1831 find a place in the 'Library of American Literature,' edited by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson (New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.). The ninth volume opens with Theodore Winthrop, whose birth-year was 1828. All the rest of the long list of writers were born in the thirties, and such of these esteemed contemporaries as are now living are all fifty years of age or something more. Very few of them, therefore, had much to do with shaping the events which led up to the civil war. Moncure D. Conway and W. D. O'Connor are exceptions —the latter well represented by a stirring extract from his anti-slavery novel,' Harrington'; the former commemorated only from his later and scholarly productions. This was essentially the fighting generation, and no small number took part in the war, as soldiers or as press correspondents in the field. The press, indeed, determines, more than all else, the complexion of this volume. For example, Albert D. Richardson, Junius Henri Browne, Whitelaw Reid, Geo. W. Smalley, William Swinton, T. W. Knox, E. H. House, J. J. Piatt, J. R. G. Hassard, I. H. Bromley, John Hay, William Winter, George Arnold, Chas. H. Webb, "Artemus Ward," "Mark Twain," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Petroleum Nasby," are all associated with the daily journalism of the past thirty years. This fact, and the stormy time in which these writers began to produce, fully account for the literary inferiority of the present volume compared with those which have gone before. Not a few enduring works have emanated from this group of the thirties, like Mr. H. H. Bancroft's histories and Mr. H. H. Furness's Variorum edition of Shakspere; there is nothing better in its class to set over against Prof. T. R. Lounsbury's Life of Fenimore Cooper; Aldrich, and Howells, and John Burroughs all have admirers who predict for them a lasting fame. But these emerge from a rather low average of thought and style, and the most distinctive talent of the period is humorous, and the great lights already mentioned, to whom Mr. Frank Stockton must be added, were all newspaper men. There is a corresponding failure on the part of the women on the list to reach high-water mark. We are glad to learn that while the next volume of the series will dispose of the youngsters of the forties, an eleventh, supplementary, volume is contemplated, in the nature of a "compendium of brief but trustworthy biographical notices of all the authors quoted in the work." It will also include specimens of the most notable productions of the past seven years, especially in the West and South, and an index.

—It is discouraging to find that, in spite of the production within a few years of some splendid and elaborate illustrated books, the general level of holiday publications is not raised. Not to mention two or three atrocities, we have received a number of those thin little books with the finikin woodcuts and sprawling "decorations" that we know so well and have grown so tired of. The drawings are usually by several artists who agree in nothing —neither in the types of the figures nor in the features of the landscape—and the result is distressing when it is not burlesque. Of this general type are 'The Earl's Return' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), and 'The Miller's Daughter' and 'Legend Laymone' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), but they offer slight variations from it. Thus the first is illustrated by a single artist, while the last gives us photogravures instead of woodcuts. Some of the drawings in the latter are by good artists, but they have not been highly inspired by a text the inanity of which passes belief. Mr. Magrath's illustrations of Lover's 'Low Back'd Car' (Lippincott) are better, and present a certain harmony among themselves which is pleasant, but fail through monotony. There is too little matter in the poem for so much illustration, one would be tempted to say, if one did not remember Mr. Abbey's exhaustless invention. Dora Wheeler's illustrations of Mary Mathews Barnes's 'Epithalamium' will prove pleasing to many, and contain some pretty fancies; but her draughtsmanship is unfortunately too feeble for the seriousness of her themes.

—'A Century of Artists' (Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan & Co.) is "A Memorial of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1888." It is in the form of an illustrated catalogue of the works in the Loan Collection of that Exhibition by a hundred-odd selected artists. One work by each artist is illustrated, and the others carefully catalogued and described, and of each deceased artist there is a short critical and biographical notice by W. E. Henley. Some of these notices are reprinted from the 'Memorial Catalogue of French and Dutch Pictures at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886.' The illustrations range from slight pen drawings in the text to elaborate full-page photogravures and etchings, and are printed in a variety of tints. The subjects of illustration hardly seem well chosen in all instances, many of the greater names being inadequately represented, when, judging from the catalogue, better work was to be had. Mr. Henley's criticism is good and sound. He is a devotee of "paint," and the word recurs, perhaps, a little too often; but a critic of his sort, who firmly believes that the ultimate value of a work of art is in its intrinsic beauty of workmanship, and who scouts at the literary element in art, must be so lonely in England that he may be forgiven a certain aggressiveness in stating his case. His delicate and just appreciation of such men as Corot makes it sufficiently plain that "paint" does not mean "paintiness," but "painting." His criticisms of Turner and Rossetti are almost startling from an English source. The book is sumptuous in heavy paper and wide margins, and the printing of rubric and initial letters (from the Edinburgh University Press) is magnificent. What one likes least about it is the deep red, rough canvas cover, with its somewhat too staring gilt lettering.

—With the opening of Clark University at Worcester after a thirteen years' successful experiment in university work at Baltimore, every question pertaining to university instruction in America—using the term in the stricter sense—assumes a new importance. With Clark University devoted exclusively, and Johns Hopkins University in great part, to post-graduate instruction, and with all our stronger colleges and universities increasing their facilities for such instruction, it is evident that this country has distinctly entered upon the stage in which scholars in every department may expect before long to find at home the opportunity for prosecuting studies of the highest order. Until recently all discussions of questions pertaining to university policy in America were naturally regarded as having reference to undergraduate students only; this must soon cease to be the case. Among such questions the most prominent is that of

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the admission of women to men's colleges, and in no question is the distinction between the two cases so sharp as in this. We do not recall a single argument that has ever been adduced against coeducation that has any weight whatever in support of the exclusion of women who have equipped themselves for special and arduous studies, from classes formed of men similarly equipped. If the new opportunities which our country is acquiring for the pursuit of the higher learning are to be for a generation placed beyond the reach of those few earnest and ardent and trained women who are hungering and thirsting for the means of gratifying their intellectual aspirations, let it be for some reason that can be distinctly stated, and not merely because our conservative colleges have thought it imprudent to have boys and girls recite in the same classes. When one reads the admirable address of President Hall at the opening of Clark University, one cannot but feel saddened by the knowledge that, almost at the same moment, a young woman of Massachusetts, educated in a Massachusetts college for women, was writing for advice as to what European university it would be best for her to go to for a course in advanced mathematics.

—The generous gift of $100,000 by Mrs. Caroline Donovan of Baltimore County to the Johns Hopkins University acquires exceptional importance on account of the time of financial trial through which the University has been passing. It is not too much to say that this gift, following as it does a series of contributions which have been made to the University's resources within a twelvemonth, may be regarded as putting an end to the fear that the University might be allowed to become crippled for want of means. It is notable that within this short period there should have been contributed by living persons in Baltimore and its neighborhood a quarter of a million dollars for the uses of the University. It is interesting to remark the variety of ways in which these contributions have come. One hundred thousand dollars was contributed anonymously, chiefly in sums of $5,000, for the immediate pecuniary needs of the institution; two sums of $20,000 each were given by individuals for special purposes; this last gift of $100,000 is for the endowment of a professorship in a department to be determined by the Trustees. In addition to all these sums, the University has fallen heir to the library, and has become residuary legatee of the estate, of the late Mr. John W. McCoy, one of Baltimore's best citizens; the value of the residuary legacy will exceed $100,000. All these things show conclusively that Baltimore is not unprovided with citizens who have a due esteem for learning, and who are proud of the work which her young University has done in its cause. She may, with these precedents, be counted on to do her full share in the future for the maintenance of her greatest public institution; and it is to be hoped that the liberality of her citizens, so far from forestalling assistance from outside, will encourage givers in all parts of the country, as assuring them that they will not be contributing to a declining institution, but to one which looks forward with confidence to a future of progressive achievement.

## MARY HOWITT.

*Mary Howitt:* An Autobiography, edited by her daughter, Margaret Howitt. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

It was for a generation that reached its term some twenty-five or thirty years ago that William and Mary Howitt wrote with much mutual satisfaction. They enjoyed their work, and their readers enjoyed their simple stories, poems, studies in natural history and rural life, journals of travel, and translations from the literature of Germany and Denmark and Sweden. Much of their work, especially the husband's, was of the book-making sort, but good after its kind—full of the love of nature and humanity, relying not on reading, but on personal observation for its accounts of poets' homes and haunts and places famous in the ecclesiastical and political history of Great Britain. The lowest deep to which we find Mary descending is the writing of a series of poems for pictures furnished her by the publisher of some periodical. The Howitts were in excellent repute on this side of the Atlantic, especially among anti-slavery people, liberal Quakers, and Unitarians, and the number of their American friends was always large. Some of their best work was the introduction of Hans Christian Andersen and Frederika Bremer to the English and American public, and with them a general knowledge of Scandinavian literature.

They were not, however, more remarkable for their literary activity than for their humanitarian sympathies and their philanthropic work. They engaged in more than one journalistic enterprise having for its object the amelioration of social or political conditions, in which William, like the father of Charles Lamb, evinced a "most incorrigible and losing honesty." One of the most agreeable encounters in the book is that of William Howitt and the reader with the son-in-law of Major Carmichael Smith, the active manager of the *Constitutional*, "a daily Liberal paper which should especially support the political, economical, and financial reforms advocated by Joseph Hume." The paper was in the worst imaginable financial straits when the Major informed Howitt that he had sent for his son-in-law to edit it. The narrative proceeds:

"Just as I was going out of the office, which was in Fleet Street, I met on the stairs a tall, thin young man, in a long dark-blue cloak, and with a nose that seemed some time to have had a blow that had flattened its bridge. I turned back and had some conversation with him, anxious to know how he, Thackeray, proposed to carry on a daily paper without any funds and already deeply in debt. He did not seem to know any more than I did. I thought to myself that his father-in-law had not done him much service in taking him from a profitable post for the vain business of endeavoring to buoy up a desperate speculation. How much longer the *Constitutional* struggled on I know not. That was the first time I ever heard of or ever saw William Makepeace Thackeray."

There are people who are greater than the sum of all their parts, whose personality engages us in a quite unaccountable manner. William and Mary Howitt were of this kind. The least mention of them always called up a cheerful image in the mind. Their readers liked and loved the man and woman, and not merely what they wrote. Their autobiography—for it is William's almost as much as Mary's—fully justifies that delightful personal affection which their books inspired. Their lives were blended not only in marriage, but in literature; and not only were they married lovers for more than half a century—they were also married friends.

The construction of these volumes is somewhat irregular and lacking in proportion, but what preponderates is the better part—the account of Mary Howitt's childhood and youth. This was written in 1868, and the remainder not till after William's death in 1879, when he was eighty-seven years old. Mary survived him until January 30, 1888, when her eighty-ninth birthday was near at hand. Letters are freely drawn upon in the latter part, which, if they bring us closer to reality, lack something of the charm of reminiscence. If the account of her ancestry is prolonged unduly, it contains many interesting incidents and personal traits. Her most famous ancestor was that William Wood, the Irish patentee, whose farthings and half-pence were the best copper coin ever made in Ireland, but on which Dean Swift wreaked his animosity to Sir Robert Walpole, greatly to Wood's undoing. Her paternal grandfather lingers long upon the stage, a collector of simples, an herb-doctor, a blundering speculator, and a "crank"; yet it may be questioned if Mary Howitt did not get from him her best inheritance—her love of nature and of flowers. The story of her childhood is compounded of the most meagre elements, but it is full of charm. Nothing more grimly Puritanical could be conceived. The wonder is that the bedevilment of nurses and the "waters tasted in secret," in self-defence against intolerable restraints, did not incurably injure Mary and the sister who was the companion of all her joys and sorrows. Their salvation was the little brother—Plutarch's best gift for a child; a good home teacher; and going away to school, though that had much of bitter with the sweet. For Mary Howitt's final alienation from Quakerism any explanation is imperfect that stops short of the utter dreariness with which it cursed her childhood and her early youth.

When Mary Botham has brought her story up to her marriage with William Howitt in 1821, she introduces a chapter from his hand bringing the story of his life up to the same point. The interest of the narration centres in the gravitation of his mind to literary pursuits. Thrift, economy, and sobriety only came into the race of Howitts with William's father. Before him, they were a roystering set, who had dissipated their property till they had hardly a roof above their heads; the younger sons "hunting, feasting parsons, rectors of Eastwood, persecutors of Quakers and other religious vermin." The father was the first Quaker in the family, marrying another, Phebe Tantum, of the *only* family of that name, says William, that he ever knew. The boy was a great admirer of Byron, and some familiarity with Newstead and a glimpse of Byron there did much to nurse the flame.

William and Mary were famous walkers; the year after their marriage walking five hundred miles on one excursion in Scotland without seeing a guide-post all the way. They were nomadic as well as peripatetic. The "moving accident" was certainly their trade. The reader who has thought of them as living a quiet, stable life will be astonished at the discovery of its shifting character: from Hanley to Nottingham, thence to Esher, then for three years to Germany, mainly at Heidelberg; next to Clapton; to St. John's Wood, near Hampstead; to the "Hermitage," near Andrew Marvell's cottage at Highgate; to West Hill Lodge near by; to "The Orchard"; once more to Esher, where the husband and wife convinced themselves that Bacon said truly that planting a garden is the sweetest of human pleasures; then for the remainder of their lives to Switzerland and Rome.

This migratory habit of their lives may have contributed to the change which gradually took place in their opinions. With William this did not proceed so far as with his wife, and, had he survived, it is most unlikely that she would have joined the Roman Catholic Church, as she did in 1882, three years after his death, when she was already eighty-three years old. But it would be difficult to fix a time

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when they were not drawn to the Roman Catholic more strongly than to the Established Church of England, partly by the disabilities of the Irish Catholics, partly by their easy gravitation to the supernatural as a present reality, and not merely a matter of the distant past; much also by their sympathy with the devout and kindly temper of the Roman Catholics of the Tyrol. William was the first to give up "Friends' peculiarities," but, notwithstanding his own changes, continued to like a Friend's bonnet; so Mary did not give up hers, nor "the language," thinking that the bonnet and the language went together. In 1833 we find her apologizing for not attending Yearly Meeting with "so many hundreds of women, who really resembled a large flock of doves more than anything else." The sense of Quaker limitations grew. She writes in 1840:

"Nothing has given me a more unpleasant confirmation of my opinion of Friends' contracted and sectarian feeling than our experience in this neighborhood, including the town of Kingston. Some Friends came from that meeting to announce to us the receipt of our certificate, with the utmost solemnity and shut-up-ness. They never said they were glad to have an addition to their meeting, that they hoped our residence had proved so far agreeable, or that it might do so, or even that we might have our health. They had no congratulations, no good wishes. Perhaps they felt none. But if so, it was not according to my notions of Christian charity that wishes good to all men. They warned us against literature and politics, and when William inadvertently used the word Radical, the man Friend asked *if he thought that word a desirable one for a Friend to use.* Everything with these Kingston Friends was warning and prohibition. They would not read books. They would not go into society. They would not look at a newspaper—nay, even would not admit a newspaper into their houses. Now, is not this a miserable state to be in? Yet these are among the approved and most orthodox members."

Later in the same year she writes:

"We dined on Sunday with the women Friends who are delegates from America to the Anti-Slavery Convention, and with that noble American Abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison. The English Friends, whose women go up and down preaching, and who have their meetings of discipline, have, nevertheless, refused to receive these women delegates from America. I wish thou could see and hear Lucretia Mott. She is a glorious, noble-minded woman, and a plain Friend too. The English Friends will not receive her because she is a Hicksite."

It is evident from these and many other passages that it was the narrowness of her old associates that drove her, at length, from their assembly. In her case, there was none of the reaction from the meagreness of the Friends' worship to the splendors of a ritualistic church, which has carried so many Quakers into the English and the Roman churches. The simplicity of Roman Catholics attracted her, and she went to them at last in spite of their elaborate ceremonial. She and her husband went little to Friends' meetings after 1844. She writes: "I could go one Sunday to the Church of England, another to a Catholic chapel, a third to a Unitarian, and so on; and in each of them find my heart warmed with Christian love to my fellow-creatures and lifted up with gratitude and praise to God." She remained true to this spirit. Her connection with the Unitarians grew closer for a time, the saintly Dr. Sadler, who, later, was George Eliot's friend, and conducted the service at her funeral, being very dear to her; as also Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the scientist, who played the organ in Dr. Sadler's modest church. Soon, however, we find her wishing that she might be a Catholic. In 1862, reading John Henry Newman's 'Miracles of Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages,' she is "sure these Roman Catholics are very near the truth." William writes in 1870: "What an extraordinary thing is Roman Catholicism! . . . At top all is rotten, but at bottom God, who overrules all things, has caused it to strike its roots into the soil of the common humanity, and send up shoots and crops of an active, holy, and indefatigable beneficence such as present Protestantism knows nothing of." The same year Mary takes a furtive dip of holy water in a little chapel in Brunnen, praying that God would give her the right faith. Ten years later she protests, "Now, don't think I am going over. There is no fear of that." She went over in May, 1882. That the tone of Father Ceslas, who baptized her, did not violently repel her, will seem strange to many readers of his words, the quintessential oil of that "priestcraft" whose history William Howitt had essayed to write. She says, "I told him I should never know what to say in my self-defence when a Catholic." Evidently her act was sentimental and emotional, without any intellectual seriousness. The Pope's Jubilee occurred shortly after her reaching Rome for the last time, in September, 1887. We are obliged to read the signs of a happy and pathetic second childhood in her enthusiasm over this, culminating in her presentation to the Pope. She was eager to kiss his foot, but he withdrew it and gave her his hand. Evidently the excitement was too much for her, for her last sickness began immediately after, and ended before many days had passed. The Cardinal-Vicar of Rome gave express permission for her burial by the side of her husband in the Protestant cemetery where Keats and Shelley lie, too far apart.

It would be easy to emphasize too much Mary Howitt's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Of much more importance is the fact that it cost her nothing of her sympathy with the genuinely earnest and religious of every church and sect, nothing of her gratitude for every spiritual help from her youth up. Through many theological changes her character remained the same, overflowing with sympathy for all human excellence, and kindliness for all oppressed and suffering folk. One of the most conspicuous enthusiasms of her life was for the American anti-slavery cause, "the real thorough abolitionist view, which would cut up this crying sin root and branch." Anti-slavery meetings and petitions found in the Howitts helpers of the most sterling quality. It is a pretty picture that we have of Mary's aged mother, in the last days of her life, knitting "such a quantity of nice things for the anti-slavery bazaar in Boston." That ardent abolitionist, Henry C. Wright, is seen at a garden-party delighting the children whom Hans Christian Andersen's stiffness and vanity repelled. Wordsworth is at his best, routing an American general who defended slavery at Rydal Mount: "To think of his coming, of all things, to this house with a defence of slavery! But he got nothing by it. Mr. Howitt and I gave it to him pretty well." The Mr. Beecher indexed as Henry Ward, vol. ii, pp. 100, 101, is certainly his brother Charles in the second instance and is probably one of his brothers in the first.

But the book is more a record of domestic peace and love and sorrow bravely borne than a history of the Howitts' literary life or an account of the distinguished people who were attracted to them by their admirable qualities of mind and heart. It is a high privilege to be admitted to such companionship.

## MORE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

'Captain Polly,' by Sophie Swett (Harpers), is a fine tale of a wise and courageous girl, who may serve as a good model for other girls to grow like, and also as a lesson in shame-facedness to boys for their silly airs of superiority over their sisters. Nothing shows more plainly the greater nearness of boys to their savage ancestry than the fiction which still holds among them that it is they who hold the reins of government. The Captain Polly of this book was the natural and actual ruler of her family, but that did not in the least shake the confidence of her brothers that both their organization and their stock of ideas were in every way superior to hers. The part of the book which concerns another sister, Del, is less to be commended as food for children. An overweening love of fashion should be treated very lightly and with ridicule, if it should be admitted at all for castigation. There are some vices that are best eradicated by being ignored, and that cannot be minutely described without causing contamination. The incident of the pocket-book, moreover, is overdrawn. Of the illustrations, the frontispiece, Captain Polly herself, is admirable; the rest are conventional, and have too little excuse for being.

Susan Coolidge's stories always exhibit an easy moral. Good girls do not mind a moral, and, in her books, the setting is so pleasing that doubtless the bad girls, too, can take it down. 'Just Sixteen' (Roberts Bros.) consists of sixteen stories, addressed to girls of different ages. "Snowy Peter" is easily the worst of them. "Ninety-three and Ninety-four," which concerns the furnishing of rooms, would do great good if it could sink into all girls' minds. "The Pink Sweetmeat" is very fresh and charming, and "Who Ate the Queen's Luncheon?" furnishes a beautiful picture.

'The Princess Liliwinkens,' by Henrietta Christian Wright (Harper & Bros.), is a very satisfactory fairy book. There is plenty of invention, plenty of fun, and a thoroughly good style—in fact, the contents are quite up to the beautiful cover. But there is one respect in which it falls short of a high standard. There is no reason why a nonsense-tale should not have a perfectly definite structure. The best stories that can be made are none too good for children of the tenderest years, if we wish them to have, when they grow up, intellectual powers as good as we can make them. Every child is able to see, in any story that it can understand, whether the beginning has any bearing upon the end, and whether all the parts work together to further or to retard a common result. The writer has known very young children who distinctly objected to Grimm's Tales on account of their deficiencies in this respect. They said, "What's that got to do with it?" and the best critic in the world could have said nothing better. That clear vision which can grasp a large series of events, with their connections and interdependences, is one of the best possessions that our children can have, and its growth is interfered with every time that they struggle to exercise it upon a picture that is itself hopelessly confused and turbid. It is a pity to make these remarks apropos of one of the best fairy-books of the day, but still it is only the writers of the best children's books who can be expected to profit by them.

'Feathers, Furs and Fins,' stories of animal life for children (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), has passed through four or five editions already, and is probably destined to pass through several more. It is illustrated in an artistic man-

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ner, and the animals are true to nature. The stories are interesting, amusing, and in good taste. It is pleasant to be able to give hearty commendation to a book of this character and scope, since so many of them are objectionable on the ground of inaccuracy, poor literary form, or defective mechanical execution. In the present case none of these defects are notable, and the book is thoroughly adapted to its audience.

'Paddling in Florida' (G. W. Dillingham), by St. George Rathborne, is a bright and interesting account of a canoe cruise of two lads in Southern Florida. We should not advise any but the most expert canoeists to follow their example. But those who are at home in a canoe in all kinds of weather, and are willing to rough it, would find great enjoyment in a like trip. To such this book might prove an excellent guide, especially as to what it would be necessary to carry. Making Key West their starting-point, the lads penetrated to the heart of the Everglades, which do not appear very attractive from the description, sailed over the mysterious and dismal Lake Okeechobee, and from thence down the Caloosahatchee to the Gulf. Their adventures with wild-cats, bears, alligators, and outcasts are numerous and exciting, but the pleasant air of reality which the first part of the book wears is lost by the necessity under which the author is laid to make his narrative fit some old pictures which had better have been left out. In the course of his description of a bird-hatchery in the Everglades, Mr. Rathborne refers to the fact that birds, like the scarlet ibis, of the most beautiful plumage, are nearly extinct from their indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter, and he laments the lack of any legislation for their protection.

The unusual indulgence of the parents of two green boys, luxuriously brought up, in allowing them to start on a trapping expedition into the wildest part of Maine furnishes the text of 'City Boys in the Woods,' by Henry P. Wells (Harpers). From this text he gives a generally accurate and interesting description of life in the woods and of the modes of making one's self comfortable and happy on small means and by devices from the storehouse of nature. The two boys, ill provided with outfit, and utterly ignorant of what they are to do after leaving civilization, naturally come to grief, and, after a series of misfortunes, providentially find a trapper named Dant, who becomes their good genius at once, feeds and clothes them, teaches them the art of trapping and other arts of woodcraft, and finally restores them well and hearty to their unnatural parents. The only human weakness shown by Dant during the period the boys sat at his feet is described on p. 120, where he says he left a boat in the water of a Maine river tied by a rope to a stake. The boat had been taken there, a long distance from Dant's camp, the February previous, and thus secured. As the stream must have been frozen in February, the boat could not have been put in the water, but left on the ice. The risks it ran from the spring freshets, from passers-by, and from being exposed to the mercy of the elements for eight months, would amply account for its disappearance without imputing to a poor beaver the gnawing of the rope. A boat or canoe taken for use to a distant piece of water is always (by a man knowing his business) kept concealed near the shore, never in the water, is turned upside down, and covered with boughs or bark.

The visitor to the Adirondacks who makes the ascent of Mount Marcy or of its surrounding satellites at the cost of the tribute exacted by the company of sportsmen from Pennsylvania who own those parts and permit people to walk over them on certain onerous conditions, is sure to have his attention called to an occasional stump, or a few chips, which he is told is a "sable," or, as the natives call it, a "saple line." Why these infrequent vestiges of human labor should be called a line, the tourist never discovers from his guide. The general attitude of the latter towards his victim is as superior and inimical to all trifling as that of the average railway conductor or hotel clerk, and asking him to show the line (if this liberty is taken) brings forth such an ironically indefinite response that the traveller never dares to ask what a "saple" may be, and in all probability never would know but for Mr. Wells, who in chapter v. of the book under notice not only tells us what the "line" and the "saple" (or, as he calls it, "sable") are, but how the sable line is to be laid out, baited, and attended to. This alone is worth the price of the book. The chapter on beavers, xii., is most interesting, and its substance and capital illustrations were published some months since—in *Scribner's*, we think. The mingling of sound instruction in natural history, woodcraft, and sport which runs through the whole book, cannot fail to interest the grown reader as well as the young one. The illustrations, though generally good, are in some cases misleading, and have no reference to the text. Scenes in the Rocky Mountains, incidents of elk-hunting, and other pictures quite as much out of place in describing the Maine woods, injure greatly the unity which should exist between a book and its embellishment.

It was with some misgivings that we started on a European trip in 'Personally Conducted,' by Mr. Frank R. Stockton (Charles Scribner's Sons). Our apprehensions were soon dispelled, however, for we found that he had discarded the antiquated and creaking machinery common to works of this kind. He assumes at the start that he is accompanied by all his readers, and we wander from place to place with a dim consciousness of being one of a party of eager boys and girls who jostle each other good-humoredly in their efforts to keep close to their genial "conductor," as he describes this or that object of interest. We smile with them as he points out at Rome the den "in which the old wolf established her little orphan asylum," or gravely doubts whether the Pallavicinis invited the Empress Maria Theresa to sit down in one of their squirting swings, or pictures Giotto as buying one of Mr. Ruskin's books to find out what he meant by some of his groups and symbols on the Campanile at Florence, or refers to those schools in England with "classes where ignorance of America is taught to the pupils." Mr. Stockton's descriptions have just enough history to quicken the intelligence and not overtask the memory. The best chapters are possibly those in which he describes English country life and scenery. It should be added that the pictures, which are well chosen and excellent, illustrate the text.

'The Red Mountain of Alaska,' by Willis Boyd Allen (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), is a boys' book, as we infer from the advertisement. For those boys who like their adventures without any spice of probability, without any real thread of interest in the plot, without a good English literary style, without any genuine local color belonging to the region depicted, or any common sense among the dramatis personæ, and stuffed with inverted chronology and anachronisms like a pudding with suet and plums, this is just the sort of book which they will like. It would be time wasted to criticise it in detail.

*Witch, Warlock, and Magician:* Historical Sketches of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland. By W. H. Davenport Adams. J. W. Bouton. 1889. 8vo.

THIS is one of the books which make the reader regret that the invention of printing has enabled any one who can wield a pen or a pair of scissors to exhibit his ignorance to a long-suffering public. Apparently Mr. Adams is a gentleman, with a taste for the marvellous, who has accumulated, in the course of somewhat miscellaneous reading, a lot of scraps which he now empties upon the world in heterogeneous fashion, with a little maundering talk to cement them together. His plan is exemplified in his account of Roger Bacon, occupying twenty-three pages, of which the major portion consists of extracts from the chap-book, 'The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon,' and from Greene's 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.' He has been at no pains to consult the original sources, and he retails the traditional legends as though they were unquestioned facts. Albertus Magnus is "the first of the great European alchemists," and Raymond Lulli, who expressly declared the transmutation of metals to be impossible, is described as "the great Spanish alchemist and magician." Curiously enough, there is no mention of Michael Scot, which shows how imperfectly Mr. Adams has worked, even in his own unmethodical method.

That method is carried out to the end. The final chapter, of fifty pages, is entitled "The Literature of Witchcraft," and is announced in the preface as, "I hope, tolerably exhaustive." Great part of this is occupied with extracts from Gifford's 'Dialogue concerning Witches,' 'The History of the Black Art' attributed to Defoe, and other equally accessible works. The bibliography is absurdly meagre, and thrown together without arrangement. Scattering titles of books, many of them of no importance, are given, while others, absolutely essential to the history of Demonology, are conspicuous by their absence, such as Nider, Jaquerius, Silvester Prierias, Basin, Ponzinibius, Bernardo di Como, Grillandus, Gaffarel, Ciruelo, Binsfeld, Grosius, Rickius, Guaccio, Le Brun, Thiers, etc. Even so epoch-making a book as the Jesuit Spee's 'Cautio Criminalis' is not alluded to. If Mr. Adams had consulted a work which he names —Grässe's (not Graessel's, as he gives it) 'Bibliotheca Magica et Pneumatica'— he would hardly have included Horst's 'Zauberbibliothek' and omitted Hauber's 'Bibliotheca Magica.' The modern authorities fare no better. We have Soldan's 'Geschichte der Hexenprocesse,' 1843, and not the enlarged edition in two volumes by Heppe, 1880. Diefenbach is absent, and Rapp, Lilienthal, Längin, Carl Meyer, and the numerous other Germans who of late years have thrown so much light on the superstitions of our forefathers; while, to compensate for this, we are gravely referred to "the Encyclopædia Britannica *in locis*."

Worthless as the book is from all serious aspects, it might serve to amuse an idle hour but for its pervading vices of style and feeble efforts at jocularity. Objectionable as are the long extracts with which it is padded, they are a relief from the original matter connecting them together, of which this is a sample:

"It is satisfactory, therefore, to be able to state, on the weighty authority of Dr. Thomas Smith, that Dr. John Dee, the famous magician and 'philosopher,' was born at forty minutes past four o'clock on the morning of July 13, 1527. According to the picturesque practice of latter-day biographers, here I ought to describe a glorious summer sunrise, the golden light spreading over hill and pasture, the bland, warm

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air stealing into the chamber where lay the mother and her infant; but I forbear, as, for all I know, this particular July morning may have been cloudy, cold, and wet; besides, John, the son of Rowland Dee, was born in London."

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*La Lettre de Christophe Colomb* annonçant la découverte du Nouveau Monde, 15 Février -14 Mars 1493. Texte original espagnol, *édition princeps*, in-folio, différente des deux éditions in-4° connues jusqu'à ce jour. Reproduction en fac-similé d'après l'exemplaire récemment découvert en Espagne, actuellement en la possession de l'éditeur. Paris: J. Maisonneuve. 1889. Folio.

*The Letter in Spanish of Christopher Columbus*, written on his return from his first voyage, and addressed to Luis de Sant Angel, 15 Feb.-14 March, 1493, announcing the discovery of the New World. Reproduced in fac-simile from an unique copy in the possession of the publishers, with introductory and critical remarks, accompanied by a revised Spanish version, and a literal translation into English. London: Ellis & Elvey. 1889. 4to.

*Lettera in Lingua Spagnuola* diretta da Cristoforo Colombo a Luis de Santangel (15 Febbrajo-14 Marzo 1493.) Riprodotta a fac-simile ed illustrata per cura di Gerolamo D'Adda dall' unico esemplare a stampa sinora conosciuto che si conserva nella Biblioteca Ambrosiana. Milano. 1866. 4to.

THE discovery during the present year of two printed copies, unknown before, of the original letter written in Spanish by Columbus to Luis de Sant Angel on the discovery of the New World (or, as Columbus designated the newly found lands, *the islands found in the Indies*), leads a writer in a recent number of the London *Athenœum* to suggest that sooner or later there may be unearthed an edition of the Latin translation, or even an English version, from the press of Wynkyn de Worde or Pynson, or one of their contemporaries. There is certainly some encouragement to hope for such a discovery in view of the fact that, until the copy in the Ambrosian Library at Milan was identified, about twenty-five years ago, no printed copy of the original Spanish text was known to exist. Two more copies have been discovered or made known to us this year, so that now we know of three copies of the same Spanish text, but of different editions. Exact reproductions in facsimile have been made and published of the three copies, which are now before us, and their titles are given herewith.

It is well at the outset to remind the reader that the titles of all the rare early editions of the first letter of Columbus have been supplied by their respective editors or printers, and have only the authority of individual opinion. These titles, in the cases of the early Latin editions, have served an unforeseen use, the errors in them having assisted in efforts to identify the *editio princeps*. There are doubtless other copies somewhere of the letter of Columbus in Spanish to Sant Angel, and possibly also copies, printed in 1493, of his letter to Sanchez. Of the latter no copy in Spanish is now known, if any was ever printed. It is also highly probable, as has been suggested, that the tracts of Columbus and Vespucius were reprinted by the early English typographers, and that copies bound with other tracts, in volumes, may be lying unnoticed in some old library. Here, then, is a new field for bibliographical enterprise worthy of our mighty book-hunters and collectors of Americana—such, at least, as have good bank accounts.

Hitherto the chief bibliographical treasure among books relating to America has been the Latin translation, printed in 1493, of the letter of Columbus to Gabriel Sanchez. Of this translation there are six editions, all which have been candidates for the glory of *editio princeps*. R. H. Major has given good reasons for deciding in favor of the edition of four leaves, having thirty-three lines on a full page, printed at Rome, in 1493, by Stephen Plannck. Varnhagen gives the first place to the edition printed by Silber, while Brunet and Harrisse decide in favor of the Plannck edition which has thirty-four lines on a full page. Where such eminent authorities disagree, it will be justifiable for the owner of any of these three editions to claim the honor for his copy. Yet there are reasons for suspecting that the Latin *editio princeps* has not been discovered. A majority of all the copies known of the six editions above referred to are in this country. Of course, reprints or reproductions issued since 1493 or 1494 are not here considered.

The original manuscripts in Spanish of the letters of Columbus are lost, though what seem to be attested manuscript copies are in existence. Enclosed with the letter written to Sant Angel was a copy addressed to the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. The letter to Sant Angel is not so full as that written to Sanchez, though it is more highly esteemed, as being probably the first written. But, of course, either of the printed Spanish texts is of greater value than any translation, for, next to the original manuscript of the navigator (could it be produced), will ever be prized the first printed copy of the actual words used by him. As we have seen, there are three editions now known of the most important Spanish text, but only one copy of each has been discovered. It is hardly likely that these are the only copies in existence, and possibly yet other editions will be found, so that ere long we may be discussing different editions of the printed Spanish text in our efforts to identify the *editio princeps*, while the early editions of the Latin translation will occupy a secondary rank in our estimation, being then chiefly valuable as incunabula, though, should any version from the press either of Wynkyn de Worde or of Pynson be discovered, English-speaking bibliomaniacs would hardly place that second to any other.

The titles prefixed to the reproductions of the three Spanish texts are given at the beginning of this article in the order of their importance. First on the list is that recently issued by Maisonneuve of Paris. It is a full-sized folio, of four pages, the form usual in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella for proclamations and similar documents, and—so far as we know now—is entitled to the designation *édition princeps* printed in the title. Both the others are in small quarto, with eight pages, thirty-two lines in a full page. The two are alike, page for page, and line for line, the edition published in facsimile by Ellis & Elvey being doubtless the earlier, since errors in that are corrected in the Ambrosian edition. The Ellis & Elvey edition, besides the reproduction and critical remarks, has a revised Spanish version, with marginal notes showing the variations from the Ambrosian text. It seems to be settled that the type of all three editions is Spanish, but the places where printed have yet to be determined. The extreme rarity of these printed copies is indicated by the fact that neither Navarrete nor Muñoz had seen them; their knowledge was derived from the attested later manuscript copy already referred to. The reproduction from the edition in the Ambrosian Library was published by the Marquis of Adda, and, since his beautiful volume was printed, the original letter has disappeared, probably stolen from the library.

All these editions suggest bibliographical questions which are of the nature of problems, and which we are not at present able to deal with. It is certainly an interesting circumstance that, while we are discussing plans for celebrating the discovery of America by Columbus, the two most important printed copies now known of the actual letter written to announce that discovery to his friend and helper, Luis de Sant Angel, should be brought to light. It is to be hoped that both these letters, each in its way unique, may be secured by some appreciative American and placed in the Metropolitan Museum.

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*Anonyms:* A Dictionary of Revealed Authorship. By William Cushing. Part I. Cambridge: W. Cushing. 1889.

THIS work forms a companion volume to the same author's 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' and together they cover much the same ground as Halkett and Laing's 'Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain.' There is no doubt that Halkett and Laing's work is very unsatisfactory so far as American books are concerned, and a volume devoted to the anonymous and pseudonymous products of American presses would have formed a useful and welcome supplement to the Dictionary. Mr. Cushing, however, has attempted to do more than furnish merely a supplement to Halkett and Laing's work, the result being that he reproduces much, though not all, of what is to be found in their Dictionary, with considerable additions of his own, and has given us more than a supplement, yet not a work which can take the place of the Dictionary as a work of reference for bibliographers. Thus, for some unexplained reason, he takes no notice of books printed before the year 1700, and even of books of later date he omits many which are given by Halkett and Laing. On the other hand, he has enlarged the scope of his work, as compared with theirs, by including a great number of anonymous articles in periodicals, and, on a rough estimate, about 15 per cent. of the entries in 'Anonyms' belong to this class, the inclusion of which may be considered a measure of doubtful utility.

In separating, as he has done, the anonymous from the pseudonymous works, Mr. Cushing seems to have had no clear conception of the distinction between the two, and it is, perhaps, a matter of no great consequence whether he considers a book "by the author of Waverley," for instance, as anonymous or pseudonymous, provided only he is consistent in his treatment of such books. Consistent, however, he is not; for while some books of this class are given in 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' the majority are to be found in 'Anonyms,' and a few are given in both works. So, too, we find 'Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea, by an Adept,' 'Aureæ Sententiæ, by T. S.,' etc., recorded in 'Anonyms' as well as in 'Initials and Pseudonyms.'

It is to be regretted that Mr. Cushing did not follow the good example set by Halkett and Laing, and give the authority for his statements as to the authorship of anonymous works. In consequence of his neglect to do this, we have no clue to his sources of information, and are by no means convinced that his ascriptions of authorship are always to be relied upon. Take as an example the 'Collection of Yearly Bills of Mortality,' which he ascribes to T. Birch; Halkett and Laing attribute it to W. Heberden, and in a note say it "has been generally ascribed to Dr. Birch, but is now, on the authority of the author's son, the younger Dr. Heberden, attributed as above." In this

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case few will be inclined to accept Mr. Cushing's simple assertion, unsupported by any authority.

Not only is the plan of the work open to objection, but its execution leaves much to be desired, both in accuracy and uniformity. Thus the entries of biographical articles seem to have been arranged at hap-hazard, sometimes under the forename and sometimes under the surname of the subject. For example, we find "Carlyle, Thomas," and "Charles Dickens." "Christopher Martin Wieland," and "Coleridge, Samuel Taylor," "Crofton Croker," and "Croker, John Wilson," among the entries under the letter C, while Dickens appears again in several entries under D. A similar lack of uniformity is shown in the names of British noblemen; thus we have "Rokeby, Morris Robinson, 3rd lord," "Dalrymple, John, 5th Earl of Stair," and, worst of all, "Perceval, Sir John, 1st Earl of Egmont."

In the spelling of proper names we find frequent evidences of carelessness; thus we have Bunson for Bunsen, Reuben Golet Thwaites for Reuben Gold Thwaites, Manduit for Mauduit, Arcadie College for Acadia College, etc. By a curious blunder, the 'Description of the Genesee Country' is ascribed to Charles Williamson O'Callaghan. It is by Charles Williamson, was first published in 1796, and was reprinted by E. B. O'Callaghan, in the 'Documentary History of the State of New York,' Vol. II (1849).

Apparently no effort has been made to ascertain the date of first publication of anonymous works, for, to say nothing of obvious errors, of which there are not a few, in some cases the date given is that of the eighth or tenth edition, while the date of Evelyn's 'A Character of England,' first published in 1659, is given as 1812.

Space forbids the enumeration of many omissions which might be noted; it is enough to say that a hasty comparison with the Astor and British Museum catalogues, and Sabin's Dictionary, shows that Mr. Cushing has not consulted these sources as carefully as he should have done. Therefore, though his work contains many additions to Halkett and Laing's Dictionary, it by no means supersedes it, and its usefulness is so greatly impaired by the defects of plan and execution that we cannot help wishing the author had been content to cover somewhat less ground, and had done his work more thoroughly and carefully.

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*Summer Holidays:* Travelling Notes in Europe. By Theodore Child. Harper & Bros. 1889.

MR. CHILD is a very agreeable travelling companion, and his choice of places for a summer ramble is excellent. He looks upon the scene usually with the eyes of an artist, and renders the impression made upon the senses with considerable literary skill. Holland under this method of treatment becomes almost a new country, and harmonizes with our pictorial ideas of it in a way quite unusual. Materially, the country and its people are as prosaic in these pages as the worst of travellers describe them, but atmospherically and picturesquely they are all that the artists represent them. Mr. Child evidently had commonplace and dreary moments in the jaunt, but he got the one thing which the country has to give, and he describes it sympathetically. The Danube and Constantinople are less fresh than such a picture of Holland, and one is tempted to think that in Italy the author is upon altogether too familiar ground; but it is not so, because—apart from the inexhaustible beauty and sentiment of the land—he had the good judgment to go to Naples in midsummer, and the luck to be quarantined on the island of Nisita; and from such prosperous beginnings he went on to make the acquaintance of the native cuisine and the human gayety of the city, all in the bright weather, and so had the pleasantest summer holiday he remembers. When one enjoys so much, he usually writes well. Verona was another good city for his temperament. Finally, the French chapters—on Limoges, Reims, Aix-les-Bains, and especially the voyage on French rivers—are abundant in novelty and odd bits of interest, as well as in beauty of scene and sympathy. The papers are reprinted from magazines, and gain by being massed.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, W. J. Battlefields of '61. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.
Caird, Prof. E. The Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $7.50.
*Century Magazine.* May–Oct. 1889. The Century Co.
Davenport-Hill, Florence. Children of the State. 2d ed. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.
Day, Hester. A Snow Flower. James Pott & Co. 35 cents.
Fenn, G. M. The Haute Noblesse. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Gould, Elizabeth P. Gems from Walt Whitman. Philadelphia: David McKay. 50 cents.
Henley, W. E. A Century of Artists: A Memorial of the Glasgow International Exhibition. 1888. Macmillan & Co.
King, Richard A. Passion's Slave: A Novel. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakspere. Edited by Alfred Ainger. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Maupassant, G. de. The Odd Number. Harper & Bros.
McCarthy, J. Roland Oliver. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Molesworth, Mrs. The Rectory Children. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Oliver, N. T. Dr. Wilbur's Note-Book. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Perry, J. W. Treatise on the Law of Trusts and Trustees. 4th ed. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Philips, F. C. Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Reader, Emily E. Echoes of Thought: A Medley of Verse. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Shaler, Prof. N. S. Aspects of the Earth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $4.
*St. Nicholas.* 1889. 2 vols. The Century Co.
Story, Alfred T. A Book of Vagrom Men and Vagrant Thoughts. London: Authors' Coöperative Pub. Co.
Taylor, C. J. In the "400" and Out. Keppler & Schwarzmann.
Tennyson's Song of the Brook, illustrated by Wedworth Wadsworth. Cassell & Co. $2.50.
Tennyson's The Miller's Daughter. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.
Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race. Harper & Bros.
Tolland, M. B. M. Legend Lamone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.
Tuckerman, B. The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828–1851. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Wordsworth, W. Complete Works. 8 vols. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $5.


SMITH'S SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED.

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